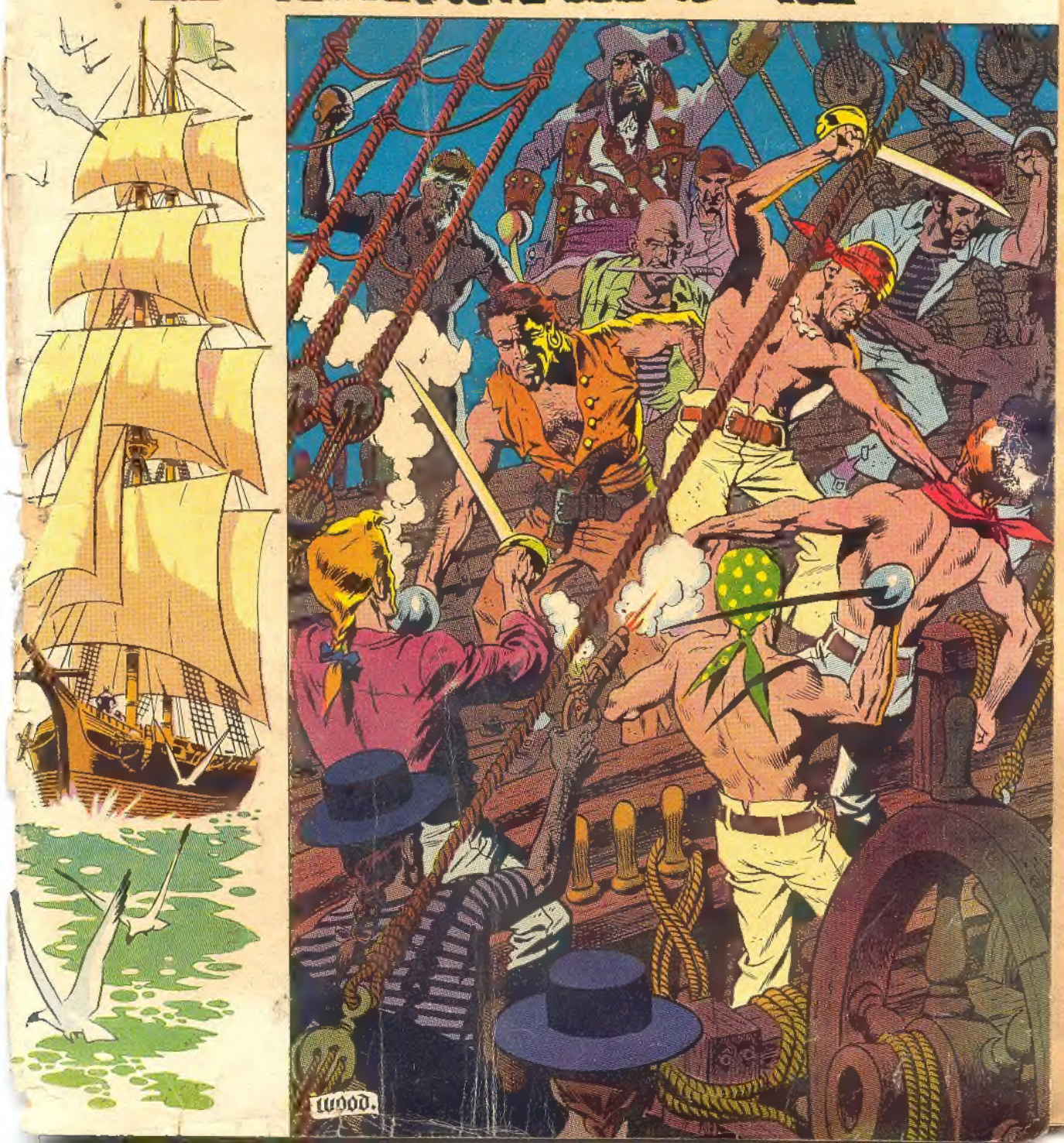
SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...

PIRACY

NO. 1
NOVEMBER

10¢



SCUTTLEBUTT

Have you ever cupped a brightly-colored, oddly-shaped shell to your ear and listened to the far away sound of the rolling tossing sea, and dreamed as you listened of sailing ships and distant tropic shores and buried treasure? Of course you have. Everyone, at one time or another, has had the urge to run away to sea. We've had it, too. But most of us . . . by far the great majority of us . . . never follow that urge. Instead, we satisfy our urge to "run away" by *reading* about the wonderful things of which our dreams are made. This magazine, then, is dedicated to all of you who have dreamed of escaping from your very real and sometimes dull and drab, confined little worlds. This, then, is your brightly-colored shell. Only it's *not so bright!*

Here, in PIRACY, we at E.C. will attempt to bring you sea-going yarns unlike anything you have ever read before. From the Arctic to The Cape of Good Hope, from the days of wooden galleons to the giant steel-plated modern liners, these will be sagas of the men that went to sea . . . stripped of the romancer's glamor. These will be sagas of the sea as it was *in truth* . . . its violence, its cruelty, its brutality . . . and the violence and cruelty and brutality of the men that sailed upon her. For to those at the mercy of her winds, currents, calms and storms, and the ever-improving contrivances which kept them afloat upon her, life at sea was a constant struggle for survival. And the struggle for survival is a primitive law. So, upon the sea, men often return to the primitive, to a kind of savagery that was their insurance against extinction.

Across these pages then will sail the plunderers and pillagers, the pirates and privateers, the whalers, the smugglers, the money-hungry pearl-divers and treasure-hunters, the shanghaiers and the shanghaied, the mutineers, and all of the other adventureres so often glamorized in romantic fiction. Here, you will see them as they *really were.*

In future issues, SCUTTLEBUTT will be your column, to shoot the breeze and sling the bilge as you see fit. This first time, as is our custom with new mags, it belongs to your editors.

Write us and tell us what you think of PIRACY. Give us an idea of the kind of stories you'd like to see us do. We'll be waiting to hear from you.

The Editors
Piracy
Room 706, Dept. 1
225 Lafayette Street
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

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The Privateer

SPAIN, AT WAR WITH EVERY FOREIGN POWER IN THE NEW WORLD, SOON FOUND THAT SHE HAD A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK. ADVENTURERS, FREEBOOTERS... MEN WHO GAMBLED THEIR LIVES AND SKILLS TO WIN MIGHTY FORTUNES... DARED THE POWER OF THE WEALTHY RUTHLESS DONS ON THE HIGH SEAS. AMBITIOUS MEN... EAGER FOR FAME, POWER, AND GOLD UNDER THE PROTECTION OF BOGUS PATRIOTISM ... APPLIED TO THEIR GOVERNMENTS FOR LETTERS OF MARQUE SO THAT THEY COULD PLUNDER AND RANSACK *LEGALLY*... AS *PRIVATEERS*. AND SUCH A MAN WAS CAPTAIN BALLARD JAMES...

SAIL OFF THE *PORT BOW*.. NOR' BY NOR'-EAST, SIR... HOLDING STEADY! 'TIS A *SPANISH GALLEON*, FOR *SURE*!

BEAT TO QUARTERS. ALL HANDS ON DECK! REPORT TO BATTLE STATIONS AND PREPARE TO BOARD SHIP...

CAPTAIN BALLARD JAMES... EX-PLANTATION OWNER... LANDLUBBER TURNED PRIVATEER... FACED HIS LIEUTENANTS, HIS SALLOW FACE ALIVE WITH EXCITEMENT. HERE WAS THE VERY FIRST TARGET OF HIS NEW CAREER. HERE WAS THE FIRST REALIZATION OF HIS AMBITIOUS DREAMS...

YOU KNOW WHAT TO *DO*, CARNOT. WE'VE *PRACTICED* THIS FOR *WEEKS* OFF *BARBADOS*. I WANT EVERY *CULVERIN* AND *CARRONADE* *PRIMED* AND *SET* FOR *FIRING*! RUN UP OUR *FLAG*...

AYE, AYE, SIR. BUT DON'T YOU THINK WE'D STAND A *BETTER* CHANCE OF BOARDING HER IF WE ACTED *FRIENDLY*?

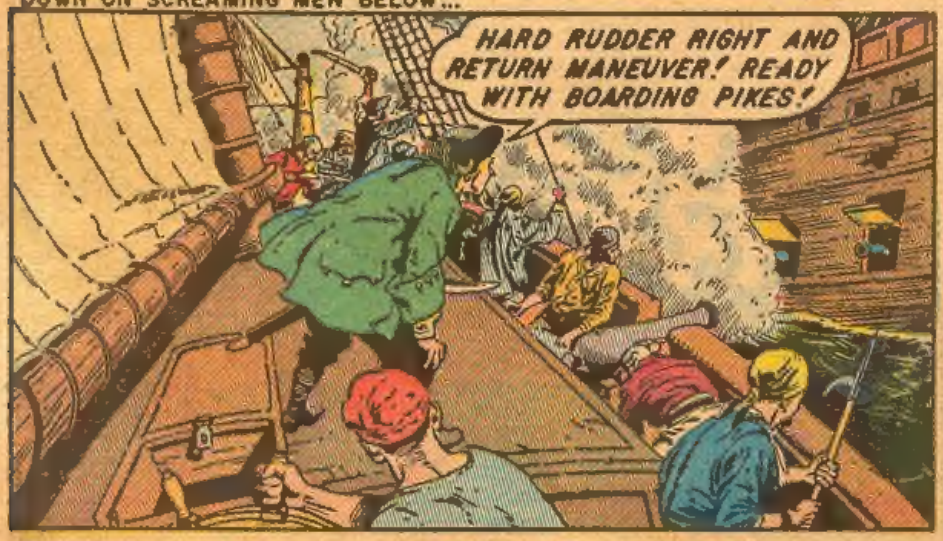
HANG IT, MAN! *DON'T QUESTION MY ORDERS!* WE'RE *PRIVATEERS*... DULY COMMISSIONED BY HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY AGAINST THE FORCES OF SPAIN... *NOT* COWARDLY KNAVES OF *PIRATES!* IT'S OUR *DUTY* TO *ENGAGE* OUR ENEMY IN *COMBAT*... *NOT STRIKE* AND *RUN* LIKE *SNEAKING DOGS*!

AYE, SIR!

TIME AND AGAIN, THIS IRRITATING DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PRIVATEER AND PIRATE HAD COME UP TO CHALLENGE CAPTAIN JAMES' CONTROL OVER HIS MEN. AND TIME AND AGAIN, HE'D RAVED AT THE DISTINCTION...

EVERY PRIZE WON...EVERY CARGO CAPTURED...WOULD BE SHARED BY ALL EXCEPT FOR THE ONE FIFTH TOKEN-SHARE TO BE PRESENTED TO THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT THAT HAD GIVEN CAPTAIN JAMES HIS COMMISSION...

CAPTAIN JAMES'S SLOOP BORE DOWN FOR THE KILL, ITS ROUND SHOT PLUNGING THROUGH THE GALLEON'S HULL, CUTTING THROUGH KNOTS OF HALF-NAKED, POWDER-GRIMED MEN. SMOKE BLANKETED THE CARNAGE ON THE SPANISH VESSEL'S DECK. SPARS AND MASTS FELL...CRASHING DOWN ON SCREAMING MEN BELOW...



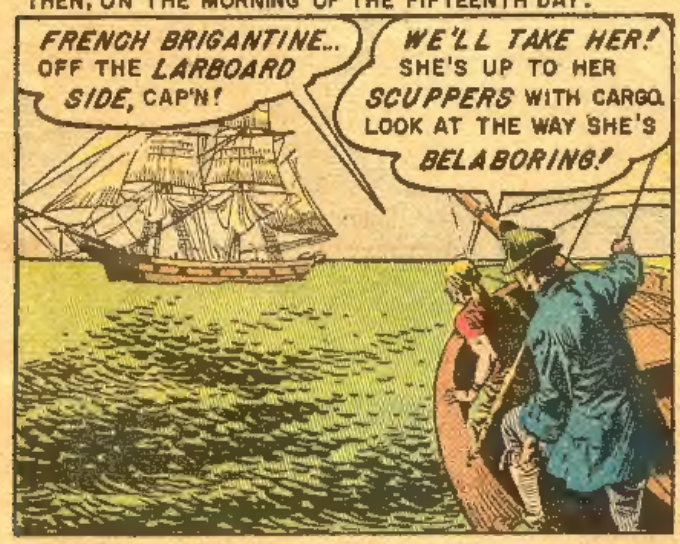
HER DECKS RAKED WITH GRAPESHOT, HER MEN SHAKEN AND FLUNG FROM HER CANNON, THE SPANISH GALLEON LURCHED CRAZILY AS THE SLOOP CRASHED HER BOW AND THE PRIVATEER CREW LEAPED ABOARD, LED BY THEIR SHRIEKING CAPTAIN...

THE SHOUTS, THE CURSES, THE YELLING AND SCREAMING, THE SHRIEKS OF THE MAULED AND DYING RENT THE AIR. MUSKETS AND PISTOLS EMPTIED INTO QUIVERING FLESH. SLASHING, SWISHING RAPIERS AND DIRKS AND CUTLASSES FOUND THEIR MARKS. THE DECKS SURGED WITH THE VIOLENCE OF COMBAT WITH NO QUARTER GIVEN...

AND THEN IT WAS OVER... AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN, CAPTAIN BALLARD JAMES HAD WON HIS FIRST PRIZE IN A BATH OF BLOOD. CRINGING, COWERING MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE HERDED ON DECK...

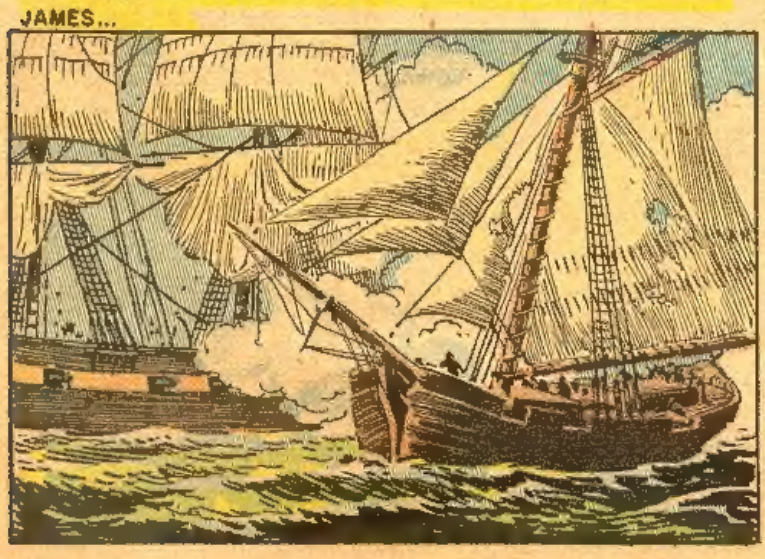
THE PRIZE: TEN THOUSAND DOUBLOONS, FOUR HUNDRED BAGS OF INDIGO, FIFTY CASKS OF WINE, GOLD AND SILVER PLATE, JEWELRY AND CLOTHING. CAPTAIN JAMES SAT ALONE IN HIS CABIN, HOURS LATER, A MUCH SATISFIED MAN...

BUT CAPTAIN JAMES'S LUCK DID *NOT* HOLD OUT. *TWO WEEKS* WENT BY WITH *NO SIGN* OF ANOTHER SPANISH SHIP. THE MEN GREW *RESTLESS*, AND THEN, ON THE MORNING OF THE FIFTEENTH DAY.


FRENCH BRIGANTINE.. OFF THE LARBOARD SIDE, CAP'N!
WE'LL TAKE HER! SHE'S UP TO HER SCUPPERS WITH CARGO. LOOK AT THE WAY SHE'S BELABORING!

BUT, CAP'N! SHE'S A FRENCH VESSEL! YOUR LETTER OF MARQUE DISTINCTLY SAYS...
BLAST MY LETTER OF MARQUE! WE CAN SAIL THESE WATERS FOR MONTHS AND NOT SEE ANOTHER SPANISH GALLEON. I WANT THAT CARGO! ALL HANDS ON DECK... PREPARE TO BOARD SHIP...

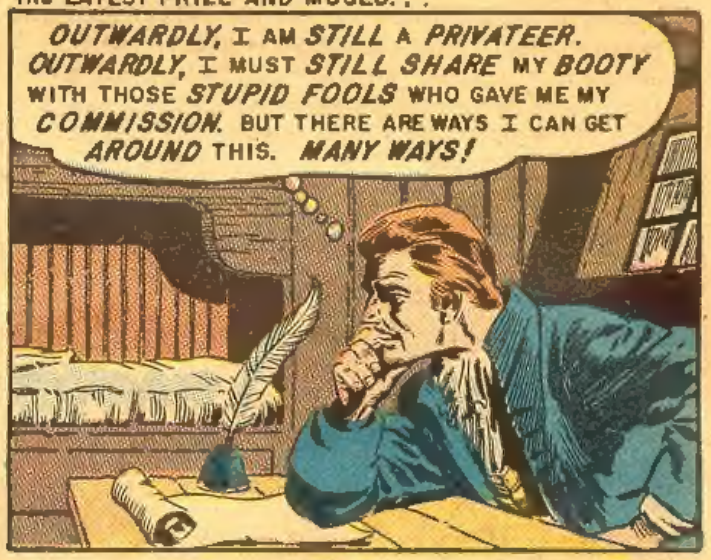
THE SLOOP CLOSED IN, GUNS ROARING, SAILS FULL ON MAST. THE CANNONS OF THE BRIGANTINE SPOKE OUT IN PROTEST... MAIMING, NUMBING, BUT NOT STOPPING THE EAGER CAPTAIN JAMES...



DECK HOOKS ENSNARED THE FRENCH VESSEL. SCREAMING FORMS SWUNG ACROSS LATEEN SAILS. VOLLEY AFTER VOLLEY POURED FROM DECK TO DECK. BLOOD AND BRAINS, FLESH AND GUTS SPATTERED THE BOARDS. AND OVER IT ALL, CURSING AND SHOUTING, WAS A TRANSFORMED CAPTAIN JAMES...

MOMENTS LATER... SILENCE... BROKEN ONLY BY THE WHIMPERS OF THE WOUNDED. THE FRENCH CAPTAIN FACED HIS CONQUERER...

LATER, IN HIS CABIN, CAPTAIN BALLARD JAMES TOTALED HIS LATEST PRIZE AND MUSED...


OUTWARDLY, I AM STILL A PRIVATEER. OUTWARDLY, I MUST STILL SHARE MY BOOTY WITH THOSE STUPID FOOLS WHO GAVE ME MY COMMISSION. BUT THERE ARE WAYS I CAN GET AROUND THIS. MANY WAYS!

ONE WAY WAS TO PUBLICALLY PROCLAIM HIMSELF A PIRATE. BUT THAT WOULD MEAN MAKING HIMSELF AND HIS SHIP VULNERABLE TO THE MIGHTY MAN-OF-WARS OF EVERY POWER INSTEAD OF JUST THE SHIPS OF THE LINE OF SPAIN. THE OTHER WAY, HOWEVER, WAS TO PLUNDER VESSEL AFTER VESSEL OF ALL NATIONS AND STORE THEIR TREASURES IN SOME HIDDEN COVE, SHARING ONLY MINOR BOOTY NOW AND THEN FOR APPEARANCES SAKE. CAPTAIN JAMES CHOSE THIS LATTER ALTERNATIVE...

AND SO, FROM PRIVATEER TO PIRATE... FROM PIRATE TO PRIVATEER, DEPENDING UPON NATIONALITY OF TARGETS... CAPTAIN BALLARD JAMES CARRIED ON HIS CAREER OF DUPLICITY, DECEIT, RAPINE, AND MURDER. BARKS, FRIGATES, SCHOONERS, WHALERS, PIRAGUAS... ANY AND EVERY SHIP HE COULD BOARD FELL EASY PREY TO HIS VIOLENCE AND TREACHERY...

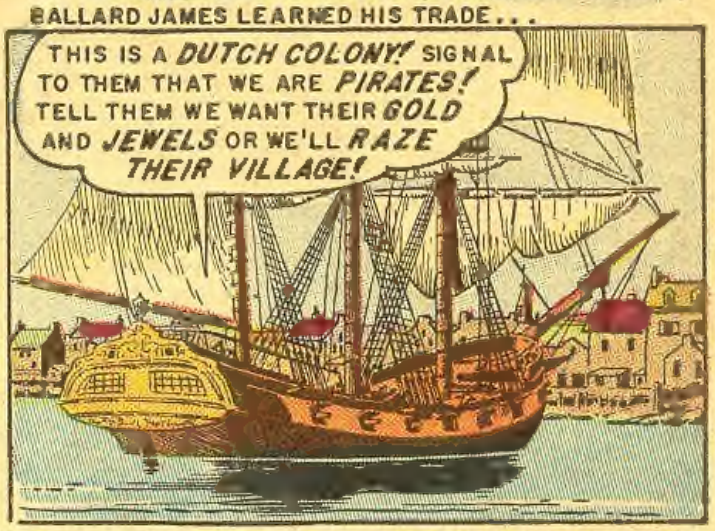
AND AS CAPTAIN JAMES LEARNED HIS TRADE AS LIAR, BRUTE, KILLER OF MEN, HE ALSO LEARNED THAT A GOOD CAPTAIN ENTERTAINED HIS CREW...

CUTTING OFF EARS AND HANDS... SLITTING TONGUES... BRANDING... IMPALING... FLOGGING... QUARTERING WERE ARTS TO BE LEARNED. AND BALLARD JAMES SOON BECAME A MASTER AT THESE...

GRADUALLY, THE EDUCATION OF CAPTAIN JAMES PROGRESSED. HE LEARNED THE ART OF INCREASED MONETARY RETURNS. BUCAN OR DRIED HIDES OF FARM ANIMALS FOR DUTCH GUILDERS, FRENCH LOUIS D'OR, ITALIAN PIASTERS, ENGLISH GUINEAS... POUNDS FOR ONZAS... WOMEN AND SLAVES FOR IVORY AND GOLD... SOULS FOR BARTER...

ONE HUNDRED DOUBLOONS FOR THIS FINE WENCH! WHO'LL BUY HER?
TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME, YOU...
HAH! SHE HAS SPIRIT! SOLD!
Public Auctions

FROM THE DOCKS OF TORTUGA, THE PIRATE STRONGHOLD WHERE FLESH WAS PEDDLED AT HIGH PRICES... FROM THE ANTILLES TO MASSACHUSETTS... FROM THE CAROLINA AND VIRGINIA COASTS TO THE CARIBBEAN, BALLARD JAMES LEARNED HIS TRADE...


THIS IS A DUTCH COLONY! SIGNAL TO THEM THAT WE ARE PIRATES! TELL THEM WE WANT THEIR GOLD AND JEWELS OR WE'LL RAZE THEIR VILLAGE!

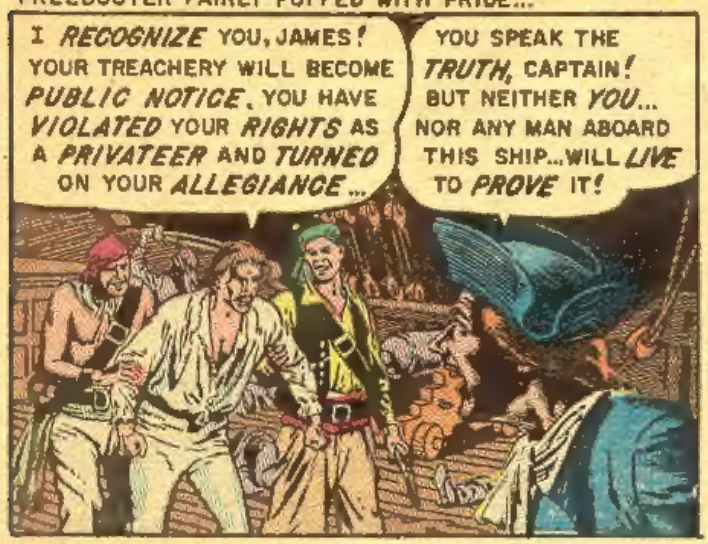
HE RAIDED ONE COASTAL TOWN AFTER ANOTHER, PUTTING THEIR INHABITANTS UNDER RANSOM, PILLAGING, BURNING, ROBBING...

HIS GOLDEN BOOTY PILED HIGHER AND HIGHER... COFFERS BULGED WITH GEMS AND COINS... CHESTS STRAINED WITH GOLD AND SILVER... HIS HOLD WAS FILLED TO THE BRIM...

ON SOME DESERTED SHORE, THE WEALTH OF SACKED TOWNS AND PIRATED SHIPS WAS HIDDEN...

AND LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE THIN LINE BETWEEN PIRATE AND PRIVATEER GRADUALLY VANISHED UNTIL, ONE NIGHT, ROWING QUIETLY TOWARD A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR LYING IN NEW YORK BAY...

...CAPTAIN JAMES ATTACKED A SHIP OF THE *VERY GOVERNMENT* THAT HAD *COMMISSIONED* HIM. WITH SURPRISE ON THEIR SIDE, JAMES AND HIS CUT-THROAT CREW HASTILY PUT AN END TO ALL OPPOSITION. FACING THE BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR'S OFFICERS, THE TRIUMPHANT FREEBOOTER FAIRLY PUFFED WITH PRIDE...

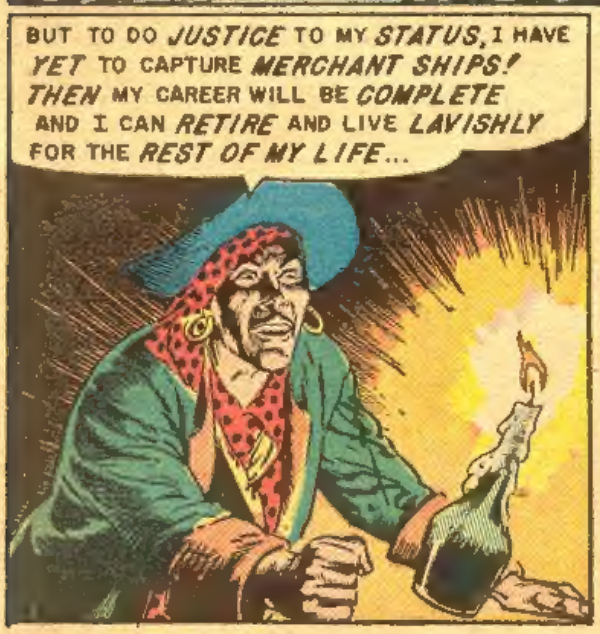

I *RECOGNIZE* YOU, JAMES! YOUR TREACHERY WILL BECOME *PUBLIC NOTICE*. YOU HAVE *VIOLATED* YOUR *RIGHTS* AS A *PRIVATEER* AND *TURNED* ON YOUR *ALLEGIANCE*...
YOU SPEAK THE *TRUTH*, CAPTAIN! BUT NEITHER *YOU*... NOR ANY MAN ABOARD THIS SHIP...WILL *LIVE* TO *PROVE* IT!

KEEL HAUL HIM, LADS! LET THE *BARNACLES* AND *SALT-WATER* SLASH SOME OF HIS *RIGHTEOUSNESS* AWAY. IF HE *STILL* REMAINS ALIVE *AFTER* THAT...*HANG HIM*...
NO! *OH, LORD*...
PUT A NOOSE ON HIM, BOYS...

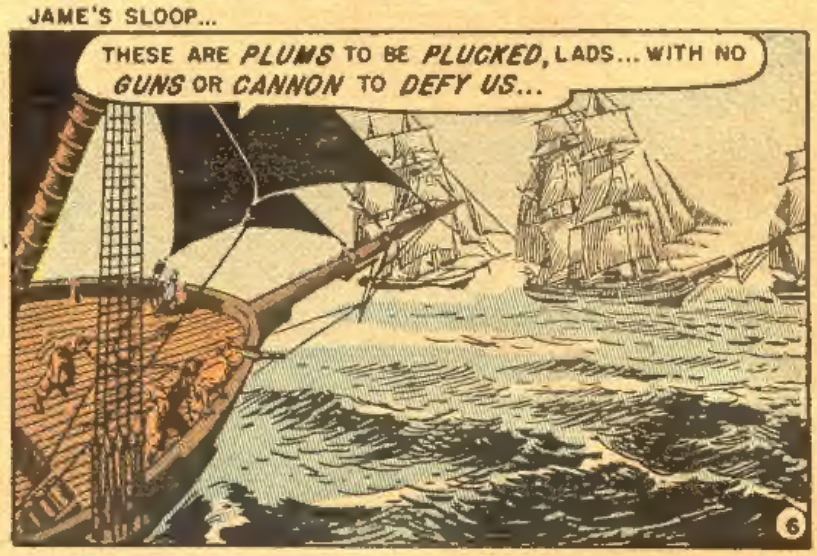
THE CAPTAIN OF THE BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR WAS DROWNED...HIS OFFICERS RAKED OVER HOT COALS...AND THE REMAINING SAILORS WERE BURNED ALIVE AS JAMES AND HIS MEN FIRED THE SHIP...

BUT THE EDUCATION OF CAPTAIN JAMES WAS NOT YET FINISHED. THERE REMAINED BUT TWO MORE DETAILS TO BE LEARNED IN HIS CURRICULUM OF MURDER, ONE OF WHICH WAS DEFTLY REMEDIED BEFORE A FULL LENGTH MIRROR...

AH-H! *BLACKBEARD'S* OWN CALICO CLOTHES! *MORGAN'S* PISTOLS! *RINGROSE'S* SWORD! I NOW HAVE THE *COMPOSITE ATTIRE* THAT *BEFITS* MY *STATURE* AS A *CONQUEROR*...

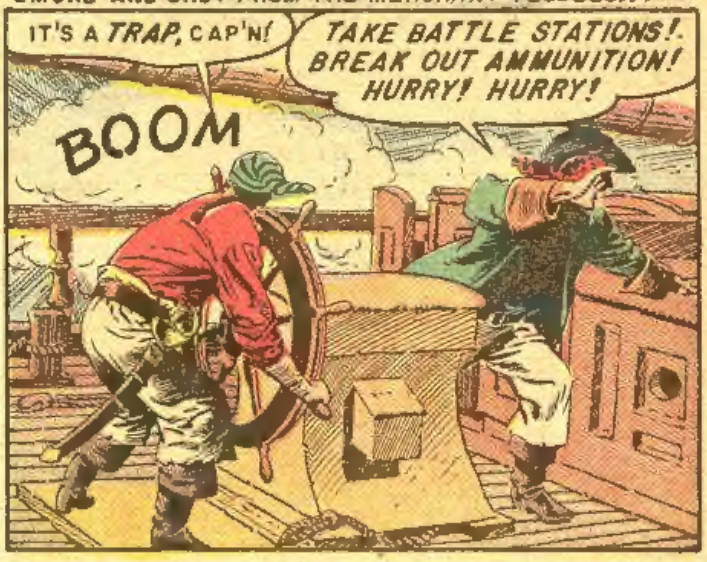

BUT TO DO *JUSTICE* TO MY *STATUS*, I HAVE *YET* TO CAPTURE *MERCHANT SHIPS*! *THEN* MY CAREER WILL BE *COMPLETE* AND I CAN *RETIRE* AND LIVE *LAVISHLY* FOR THE *REST OF MY LIFE*...

SO, ONE FOGGY DAY OFF THE COAST OF CUBA, THREE SMALL MERCHANT VESSELS WERE BORN DOWN UPON BY CAPTAIN JAME'S SLOOP...

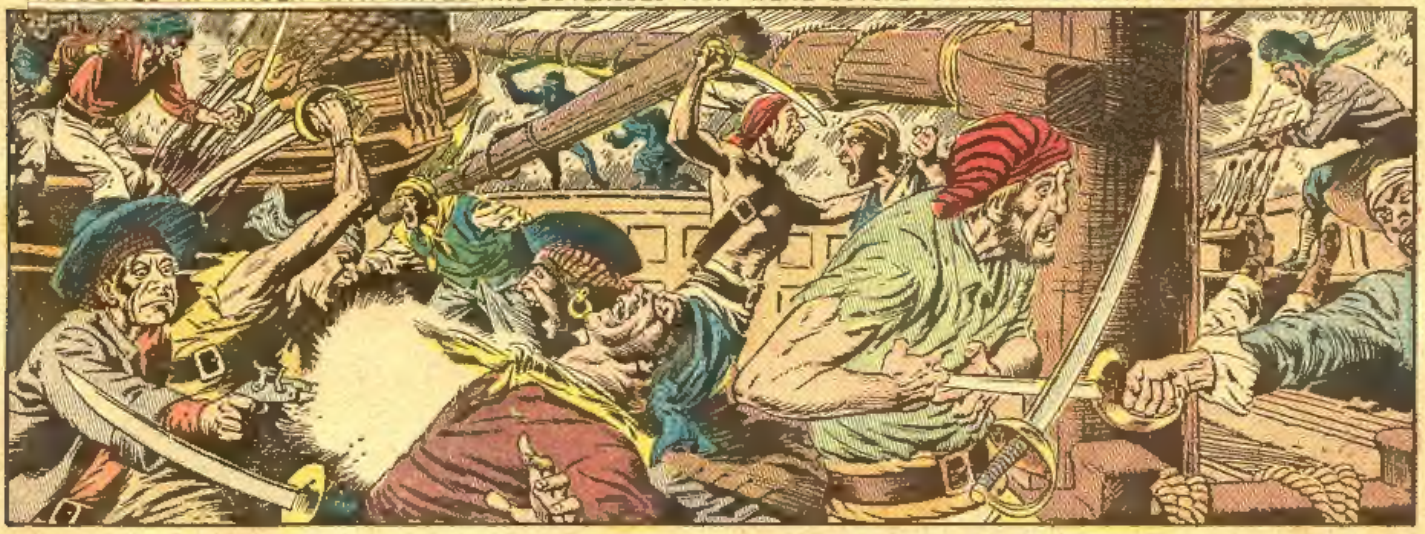


THE CONFIDENT CAPTAIN WAITED UNTIL HIS SLOOP WAS WITHIN HAIL OF THE MERCHANT SHIPS. THEN HE LIFTED HIS SPEAKING TRUMPET AND BELLOWED...

HIS ANSWER CAME SAVAGELY, AS LOADED AND PRIMED CANNON WERE QUICKLY UNCOVERED AND BELCHED FORTH SMOKE AND SHOT FROM THE MERCHANT VESSELS...



THE THREE "MERCHANT SHIPS" CLOSED IN, SURROUNDING THE SLOOP. GRAPESHOT AND IRON MISSLES TORE ACROSS HER DECKS INTO QUIVERING FLESH. HEAVY CANNONADES LOOSENED RIGGING, SENDING SPLINTERED MASTS DOWN UPON HER CREW... CRUSHING SKULLS... MAIMING LIMBS. SCREAMING MEN SWUNG DOWN FROM ALL SIDES UPON THE BOXED IN RAIDER WITH KNIVES AND CUTLASSES THAT WERE QUICKLY STAINED RED WITH BLOOD AND GORE...



AND AS CAPTAIN BALLARD JAMES FELL UPON THE CRIMSON STAINED DECK OF HIS SLOOP WITH A CUTLASS BURIED DEEP IN HIS CHEST, HE LOOKED UP AT THE MASTHEADS OF THE MERCHANT SHIPS THAT HAD BAITED AND TRAPPED HIM...

...AND HE SAW THE WHITE GRINNING SKULLS AND THE CROSSED BONES ON THE BLACK FIELDS OF THE FLAGS THAT HAD BEEN RUN UP...

AND CAPTAIN BALLARD JAMES' EDUCATION WAS COMPLETED!

THE END

E.C. WENT TO SEA

IN SEARCH OF ANOTHER NEW TREND...

AND WE CAME UP WITH...

SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...

PIRACY

NOW YOU SEARCH FOR IT!

BUT IF YOU *CAN'T FIND PIRACY* AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND, YOU CAN *SUBSCRIBE!* JUST FILL OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL, TOGETHER WITH *ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF CENT* (THAT'S ONE BUCK, LANDLUBBERS!), TO:

THE SEASICK EDITORS OF
PIRACY
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

OKAY, BILGE RATS! YOU SHANGHAIED ME! I ENCLOSE $1.00 FOR THE NEXT EIGHT ISSUES OF *PIRACY!*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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The MUTINEERS

THE NAME'S *O'HARA — FRANK O'HARA.* AND THE SHIP WAS THE *CLIPPER LORNA J.* I REMEMBER HER LYIN OFF BALTIMORE THE DAY I SIGNED ON HER AS FIRST MATE. SHE WAS TALL AND PROUD WITH HER THREE RAKIN MASTS AND HER TRIM LINES GIVIN HER THE LOOK OF MOVEMENT EVEN THOUGH SHE LAY AT MOORING. I REMEMBER, TOO, WHEN WE UPPED ANCHOR ON THE 20TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1854, HOW SHE TOOK THE WIND IN HER BILLOWIN SHEETS AND GLIDED LIKE A FREE-BOSOMED MAIDEN THROUGH THE BAY AND OUT TO SEA. AYE, AND I REMEMBER HER SKIPPER, *CAP'N MATHEW BOLLARD.* A BRUTE OF A MAN IN EVERY WAY — SQUAT AND SOLID, WITH CRUEL GIMLET EYES SET IN A LEATHERY FACE THAT NEVER SMILED. YOU COULD SENSE IN HIM A STORM BELOW THE SURFACE, AND ALL HANDS ABOARD HAD GATHERED TO SEE IT BREAK IN FIERCE FURY THAT DAY SOON AFTER WE'D LOST THE TRADE WINDS AND DRIFTED BECALMED IN THE STEAMING HEAT OF THE TROPIC OF CAPRICORN.

RICO IS A *GOOD SAILOR,* CAP'N! IT'S THIS INFERNAL *SUN* THAT MADE HIM DOZE
MR. O'HARA! I GAVE YOU AN *ORDER!* A *DOZEN LASHES!* NOW. *CARRY THAT ORDER OUT*
WOOD

CAP'N BOLLARD HELD OUT THE CAT-O'-NINE TAILS, BUT I COULD NOT TAKE IT FROM HIS HAND. HIS BULL NECK SHOWED RED THROUGH HIS WEATHER-BEATEN HIDE..

MR. O'HARA! I'M *ORDER-ING* YOU...

I'LL WHIP *ANY* MAN *FREE* TO *WHIP BACK*, SIR, BUT I'LL NOT LAY A *HAND* ON ONE *TIED HELPLESS* TO A *MAST!*

GO TO YOUR QUARTERS, MR. O'HARA. I'LL DEAL WITH *YOU* LATER!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

AS I STRODE AFT, I HEARD A SOUND LIKE A CRACK OF A PISTOL. CAPTAIN BOLLARD HIMSELF WAS PUTTIN' THE LASH TO JUAN RICO'S BACK..

RICO'S KNEES GAVE AND A SHARP SCREAM CAME FROM HIS LIPS..

THE LASH FELL AGAIN AND BLOOD TRICKLED DOWN HIS SWEATY BACK AS THE KNOTTED CORDS TORE RAW GASHES ..

HE PASSED OUT WITH THE FIFTH LASH, HANGIN' LIMP FROM THE MAST. BUT THE CAP'N WENT ON FLOGGIN HIM

I SWALLOWED MY BILE AND HEADED DOWN THE COMPANIONWAY, UNABLE TO WATCH ANY MORE. I NEARLY FELL OVER SCOTTY, THE CABIN BOY.

HERE! WHAT'S *THIS?* ARE THOSE *TEARS* I SEE?

I I CAN'T *HELP* IT, SIR. THE WAY HE KEEPS *WHIPPIN'* HIM! HE'LL *KILL* HIM!

I TOOK THE LAD AND SHOOK HIM AND SPOKE HARSHLY, THOUGH MY HEART WASN'T IN IT..

WHEN YOU COME TO *SEA*, YOU'RE A *MAN!* YOU LEAVE THE WEEPIN' *HOME*. IN YOUR MOTHER'S *APRON!*

MY *MOTHER* IS *DEAD* BUT. I'LL TRY, SIR...

CAP'N BOLLARD SENT FOR ME LATER. HE STOOD THERE, HANDS CLASPED BEHIND HIS BACK, HIS EYES BURNIN'...

DISCIPLINE, MR. O'HARA! ABOARD *MY* SHIP I'LL HAVE *DISCIPLINE! I* GIVE THE *ORDERS* AND I'LL *NOT TOLERATE INSUBORDINATION* BY *ANY* OFFICER. DO I MAKE MYSELF *CLEAR?*

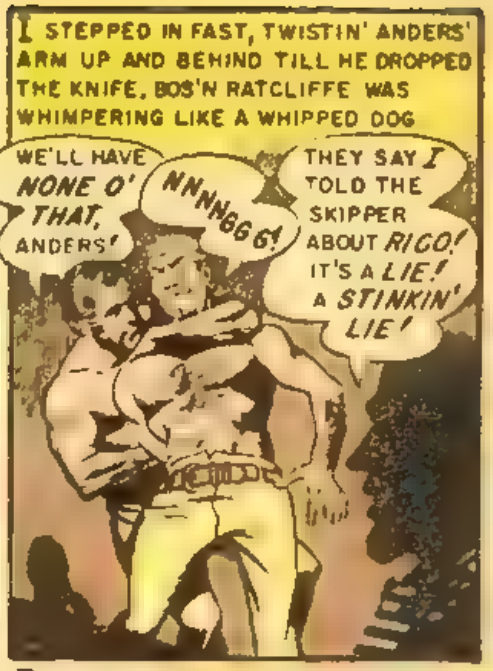
AYE, SIR

DISCIPLINE, O'HARA. AND HERE'S A *TASTE* OF IT! YOU'LL TAKE *FORTY-EIGHT HOURS WATCH* WITH *NO RELIEF!* THAT'S ALL!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

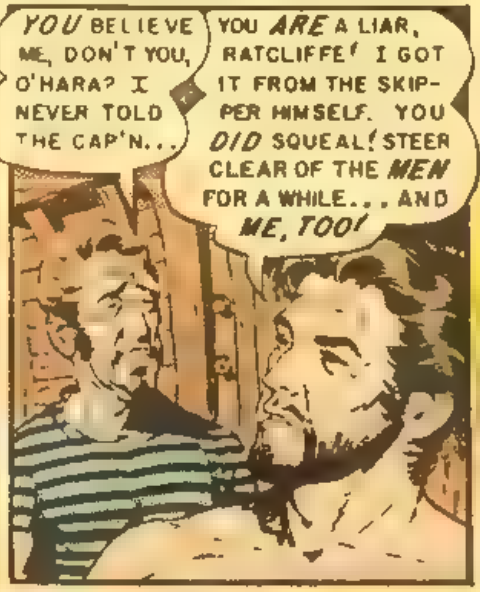
I WANTED TO SEE HOW JUAN RICO WAS, SO I MADE MY WAY TO THE FO'CASTLE. A STIFLING STENCH MET ME AS I ENTERED... THE STENCH OF MILDEW AND ROT AND MEN'S SWEAT AND BREATH. RICO LAY FACE-DOWN ON HIS HAMMOCK, WRITHING... HIS BACK A MASS OF RAW AND LIVID FLESH. BUT THE CREW WAS IGNORING HIS MOANS. THEY'D BACKED BOS'N RATCLIFFE UP AGAINST A BULKHEAD, AND A GIANT OF A MAN NAMED ANDERS WAS THREATENING HIM WITH A KNIFE...

I STEPPED IN FAST, TWISTIN' ANDERS' ARM UP AND BEHIND TILL HE DROPPED THE KNIFE. BOS'N RATCLIFFE WAS WHIMPERING LIKE A WHIPPED DOG

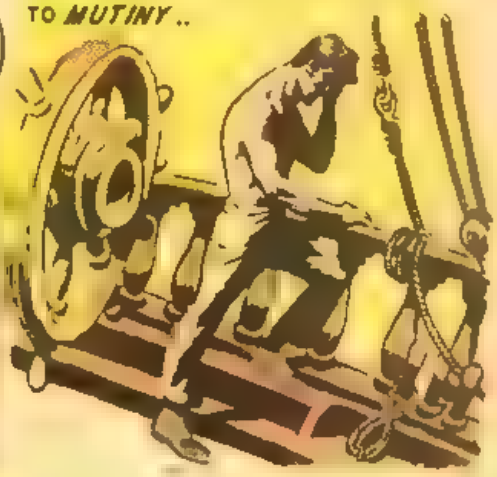


I SHOVED RATCLIFFE OUT INTO THE PASSAGE AND TURNED TO WARN THE MEN...

I MADE FOR THE DECK, RATCLIFFE TAGGIN' ALONG AT MY HEELS, WHININ'


YOU BELIEVE ME, DON'T YOU, O'HARA? I NEVER TOLD THE CAP'N...
YOU ARE A LIAR, RATCLIFFE! I GOT IT FROM THE SKIPPER HIMSELF. YOU DID SQUEAL! STEER CLEAR OF THE MEN FOR A WHILE... AND ME, TOO!

I STOOD MY FORTY-EIGHT HOURS WATCH WHILE A BROILIN' SUN BEAT DOWN ON ME WITHOUT MERCY. I CURSED CAP'N BOLLARD AND YET I TOLD MYSELF HE WAS RIGHT A CREW WITHOUT DISCIPLINE WAS OPEN TO MUTINY..



THOSE TWO NIGHTS WERE LITTLE BETTER THAN THE DAYS THE STORED UP HEAT FROM THE DECK HAD ME SWIMMIN' IN MY OWN SWEAT. I HAD NO VITTLES OR DRINK SAVE WHAT YOUNG SCOTTY SMUGGLED TO ME AFTER DARK..

WHAT I SAID THEN MADE HIM BREAK INTO A GRIN THAT ALL BUT OUTSHONE THE MOON OVERHEAD..

ON THE SECOND NIGHT, FROM THE QUARTERDECK, I SAW SHADOWY FIGURES HUDDLED AFT, NEAR THE STARBOARD GUNNEL..

SOMEHOW, I COULD FEEL THE STIR OF TROUBLE IN THE AIR. AND YET, WHEN I APPROACHED THE MEN, THERE WAS NO HOSTILITY IN THE WAY THEY LOOKED AT ME...

FOUR DAYS WITHOUT A BREATH O' WIND STIRRIN'... IT'S BAD ON A MAN'S TEMPER, EH, LADS?

AYE, SIR... ON ALL TEMPERS. A MAN OUGHT TO BE CONSIDERIN' THAT BEFORE HE TAKES TO FLOGGIN'..

DON'T SET YOUR MINDS TOO MUCH AG'IN' THE SKIPPER. HE KNOWS THE SEA AND HE KNOWS MEN. THEY GET RESTLESS IN A CALM LIKE THIS'

WE WAS JUST TALKIN' ABOUT THAT, SIR' THERE'S OFTEN A CALM BEFORE A STORM'

THE STORM HE WARNED OF WAS MUTINY THE SET GRIM LOOKS ON THE MEN'S FACES MADE THAT CLEAR I WAS MULLIN' OVER THE THREAT AS I MOVED BACK TO THE QUARTERDECK WHEN I SAW RATCLIFFE. HE WAS COMIN' DOWN THE PORTSIDE RIGGIN' TO THE AFTERDECK...

THAT BLACKHEARTED TROUBLEMAKER' HE MUST'VE BEEN LYIN' UP THERE, HEARIN EVERY WORD THEY SAID

I HURRIED TO THE COMPANIONWAY, ITCHIN' TO LEARN IF RATCLIFFE WOULD CARRY HIS TALE TO THE SKIPPER. MY ANSWER CAME QUICK THE BOS'N WAS SCURRYIN' ALONG AFTER CAP'N BOLLARD, WHOSE EYES GLOWED LIKE LIVE COALS WHEN HE SAW ME...

MR O'HARA

AYE, SIR

BEFORE THE CAP'N COULD REACH ME, A BREEZE STARTED UP, AND IN SECONDS, A STIFF WIND WHISTLED THROUGH THE RIGGIN' SAILS THAT HAD HUNG LIMP FOR DAYS SWELLED INTO LIFE I BELLOWED ORDERS AS THE LORNA J LEAPED AHEAD AND THE CREW SPRANG INTO ACTION...

ALL HANDS ON DECK! CLIMB, YOU SEA-GOIN' MONKEYS' CLEW UP THE TOPSAILS' IN THE STUDDING SAILS! LAY ALOFT AND FURL...

THE CAP'N S VOICE CAME FROM BEHND ME, ROARIN ABOVE THE SCREAMIN' WIND. I WHEELED AND GLARED AT HIM..

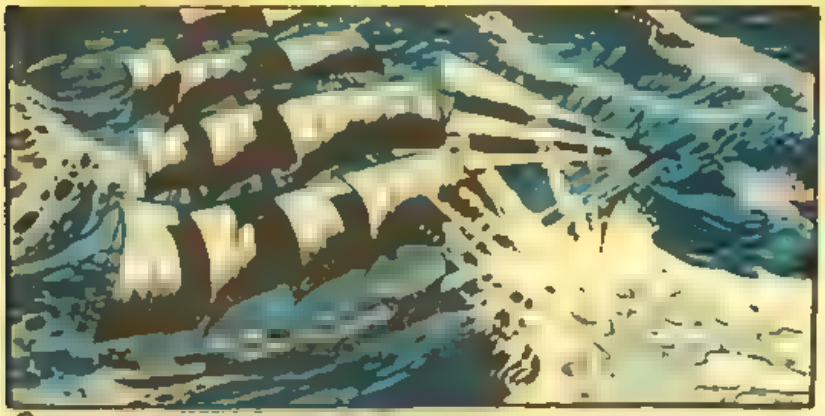
AVAST, YOU MULLET-HEADED LUBBERS! COME DOWN OUT'N THAT RIGGIN'! MAKE FAST THOSE HALYARDS! LET NO MAN TOUCH A SHEET'

SHE S A NOR'EASTER, CAP'N' WE CAN'T RIDE IT WITH ALL THAT SAIL'

THE SAIL STAYS AS IS, MR O'HARA. THIS NIGHT, MY CREW'LL HAVE OTHER THINGS TO THINK ABOUT BESIDES MUTINY'

TONIGHT, AYE BUT IT'S TOMORROW I'M CONSIDERIN', CAP N BOLLARD'

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE A HURRICANE WAS SCREAMIN' ALL AROUND US THE MASTS GROANED AS GALE-BLOWN CANVAS FOUGHT TO TEAR LOOSE STRAININ AT EVERY SHROUD MOUNTAINOUS WAVES LIFTED THE LORNA J AND CRASHED HER INTO CHURNIN TROUGHS. THEN SHE'D KNIFE THROUGH SWELLS THAT'D WASH HER TO THE SECOND MAINMAST SPAR

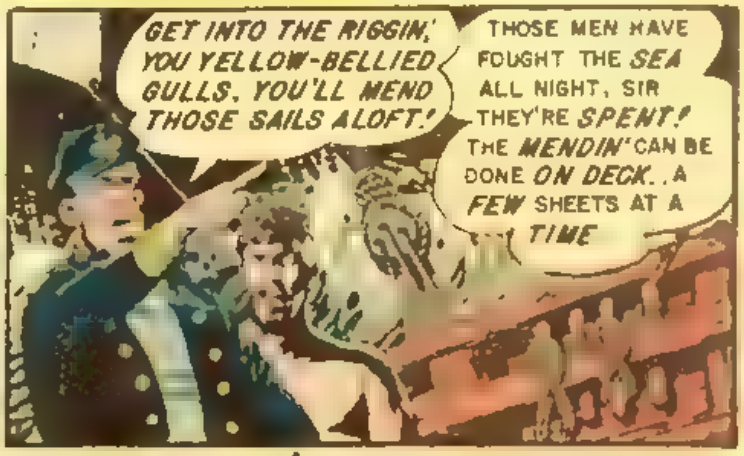


SHE WAS A TOY SHIP BOBBIN IN A VAST SEA OF VIOLENCE

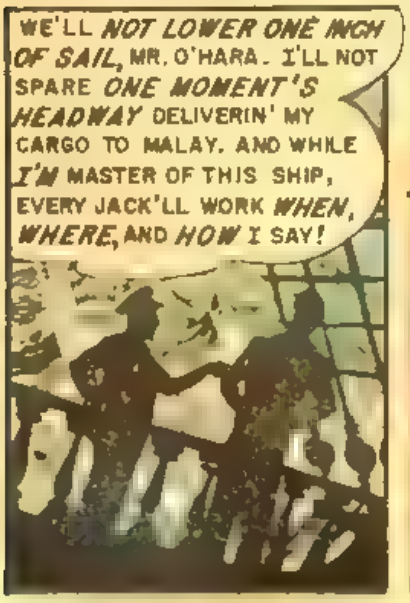
THE CLIPPER LURCHED... EVERY TIMBER IN HER GROANED AND QUIVERED. THE SEA RIPPED OVER HER DECKS. ONCE, I GRABBED BLINDLY FOR THE WHEEL WITH ONE HAND AND CAUGHT HELMSMAN JOCK MACGRUDER WITH THE OTHER IN TIME TO SAVE HIM FROM BEING WASHED OVERBOARD

AFTER I'D LASHED JACK TO THE HELM AND DROPPED A SEA ANCHOR TO CUT OUR DRIFT, I NOTICED THE KID, SCOTTY, STUMBLE ON DECK, HOLDIN' TWO JUGS, FIGHTIN' TO STAND UP AGAINST THE NINETY-MILE WIND. I HUNG ON TO A BELAYIN' PIN IN THE GUNNEL AND WRAPPED MY FREE ARM AROUND HIS WAIST

BY SIX BELLS THE NEXT MORNIN', THE STORM HAD RAGED BY, BUT THERE WAS STILL A FAIR WIND FROM THE NOR'EAST, THE LORNA J'D HAD A HARD NIGHT. ALL HER SHEETS GASHED... SOME SHREDDED OR TORN AWAY. THE CAP'N LOOKED FROM THE MASTHEADS TO THE EXHAUSTED CREW ON THE LITTERED DECK

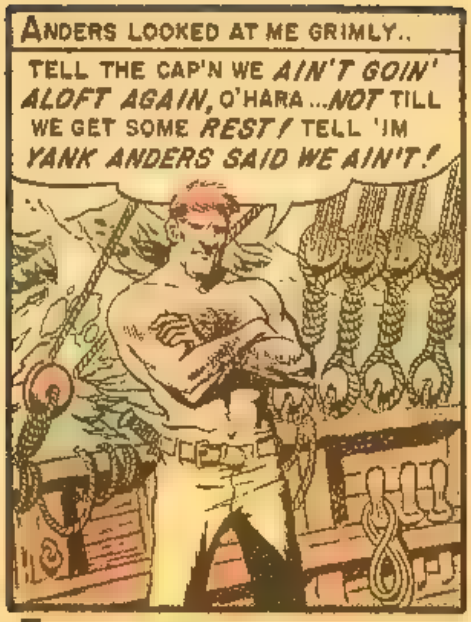

GET INTO THE RIGGIN', YOU YELLOW-BELLIED GULLS. YOU'LL MEND THOSE SAILS ALOFT!
THOSE MEN HAVE FOUGHT THE *SEA* ALL NIGHT, SIR THEY'RE *SPENT!* THE *MENDIN'* CAN BE DONE *ON DECK*.. A *FEW* SHEETS AT A *TIME*

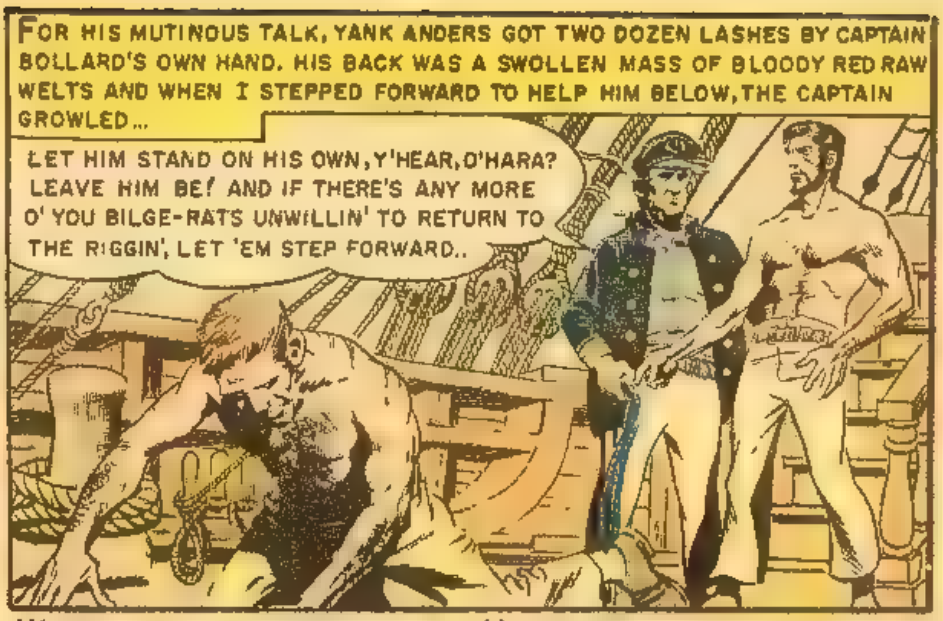
THE CAP'N TURNED TO ME, PURPLE WITH RAGE


WE'LL *NOT LOWER ONE INCH OF SAIL*, MR. O'HARA. I'LL NOT SPARE *ONE MOMENT'S HEADWAY* DELIVERIN' MY CARGO TO MALAY. AND WHILE *I'M* MASTER OF THIS SHIP, EVERY JACK'LL WORK *WHEN*, *WHERE*, AND *HOW* I SAY!

THE STORM'D TORN AWAY ALL OUR LIFE-BOATS SAVE THE LONGBOAT. AT EIGHT BELLS, WHILE I WAS INSPECTIN' DAMAGE AND KEEPIN' AN EYE ON THE TIRED MEN ALOFT, WORRYIN' ABOUT THE SCORCHIN' SUN SAPPIN' WHAT LITTLE STRENGTH THEY HAD LEFT, I HEARD A SCREAM.

A MAN HURTLED DECKWARD... HITTING AMIDSHIP WITH A SICKENING, CRUNCHING SOUND. THE OTHERS CLIMBED DOWN FROM ALOFT AND GATHERED AROUND HIS BROKEN, LIFELESS BODY.

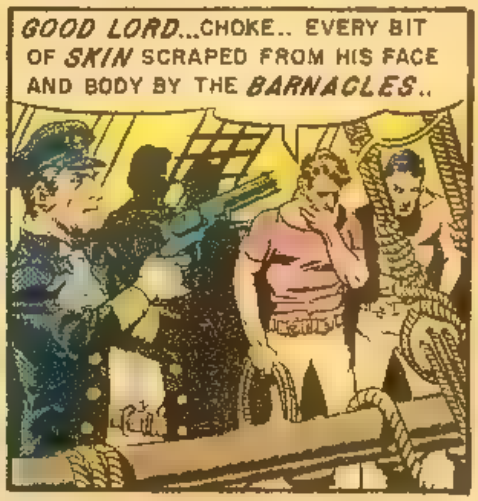

ANDERS LOOKED AT ME GRIMLY..
TELL THE CAP'N WE AIN'T GOIN' ALOFT AGAIN, O'HARA ...NOT TILL WE GET SOME REST! TELL 'IM YANK ANDERS SAID WE AIN'T!


FOR HIS MUTINOUS TALK, YANK ANDERS GOT TWO DOZEN LASHES BY CAPTAIN BOLLARD'S OWN HAND. HIS BACK WAS A SWOLLEN MASS OF BLOODY RED RAW WELTS AND WHEN I STEPPED FORWARD TO HELP HIM BELOW, THE CAPTAIN GROWLED...
LET HIM STAND ON HIS OWN, Y'HEAR, O'HARA? LEAVE HIM BE! AND IF THERE'S ANY MORE O' YOU BILGE-RATS UNWILLIN' TO RETURN TO THE RIGGIN', LET 'EM STEP FORWARD..

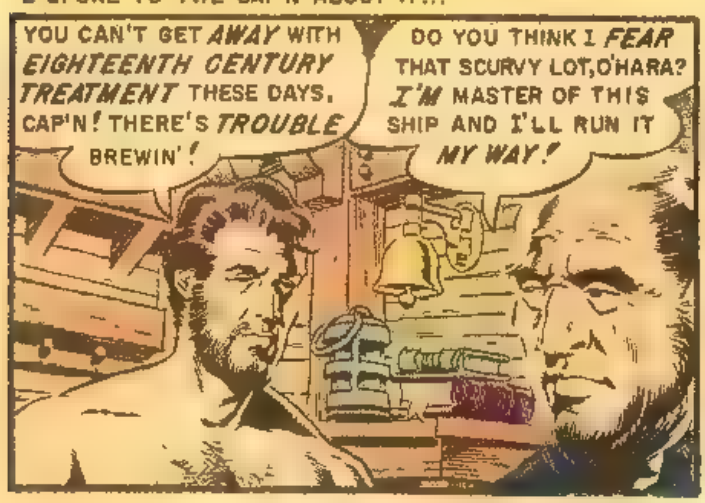
THE CREW GRUMBLED AND WENT BACK TO THEIR SAIL MENDING. WHEN THE CAP'N HAD GONE BELOW, I CARRIED ANDERS TO THE FO'CASTLE. I FOUND YOUNG SCOTTY IN HIS HAMMOCK, BURNIN' WITH FEVER ..

WE RAN AFOUL OF MORE TREACHEROUS WEATHER ROUNDIN' CAPE HORN, BUT THE OLD GIRL TOOK IT IN HER STRIDE. NOT SO CAP'N BOLLARD. HIS TEMPER WORSENED WITH EACH PASSIN' DAY. HE BASHED IN JOCK MACGRUDER'S TEETH WITH A BELAYIN' PIN.

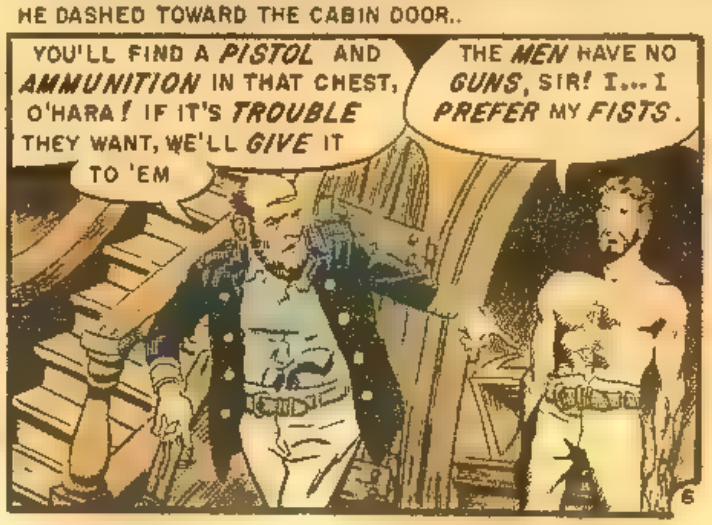
HE SEEMED TO TAKE PLEASURE IN METIN' OUT PUNISHMENT. I REMEMBER WHEN WE'D REACHED THE SOUTH PACIFIC, LATITUDE 47°20', LONGITUDE 120°10', BOLLARD HELD HIS PISTOL ON THE MEN AND FORCED THEM TO KEELHAUL EBAN DUNCAN FOR CURSIN' OUT RATCLIFFE...



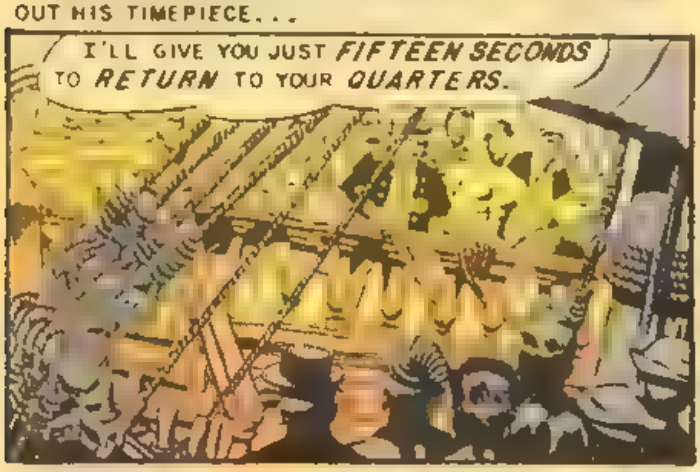
I SAW DUNCAN DIE THAT NIGHT. I LOOKED INTO THE FACES OF THE CREW AND I SAW STORM CLOUDS IN THEIR EYES. .SEETHING HATE .READY TO RAGE FORTH. I SPOKE TO THE CAP'N ABOUT IT...


YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH EIGHTEENTH CENTURY TREATMENT THESE DAYS, CAP'N! THERE'S TROUBLE BREWIN'!
DO YOU THINK I FEAR THAT SCURVY LOT, O'HARA? I'M MASTER OF THIS SHIP AND I'LL RUN IT MY WAY!

BOLLARD WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE SOUND OF ANGRY VOICES FROM THE MAIN DECK. HE THREW OPEN A SEA CHEST, SNATCHED A RIFLE, AND CALLED BACK TO ME AS HE DASHED TOWARD THE CABIN DOOR..

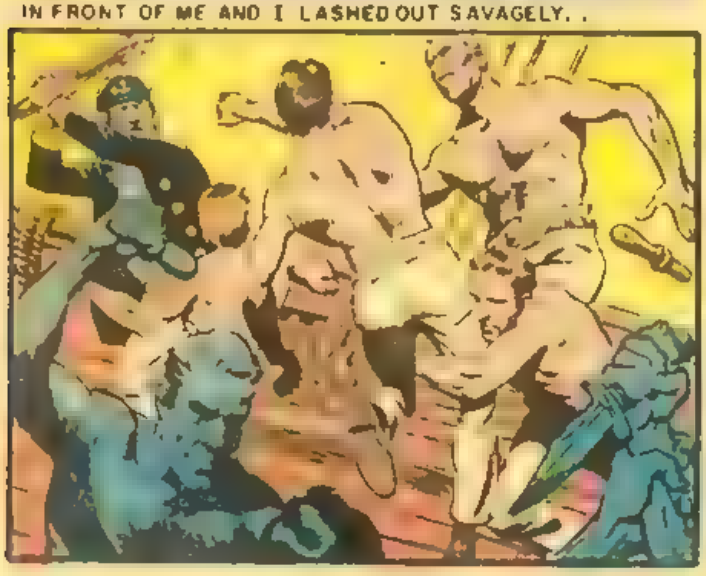

YOU'LL FIND A PISTOL AND AMMUNITION IN THAT CHEST, O'HARA! IF IT'S TROUBLE THEY WANT, WE'LL GIVE IT TO 'EM
THE MEN HAVE NO GUNS, SIR! I... I PREFER MY FISTS.

THE CAP'N, SECOND MATE CALDWELL, RATCLIFF, MYSELF, AND THREE OTHER OFFICERS RACED TO THE QUARTER-DECK. I WAS THE ONLY OFFICER UNARMED. SIXTEEN MEN, LED BY YANK ANDERS, STOOD BELOW US ON THE MAIN DECK, ARMED WITH KNIVES, BELAYIN' PINS, AND ANY OTHER WEAPON THEY COULD FIND. CAP'N BOLLARD TOOK OUT HIS TIMEPIECE...

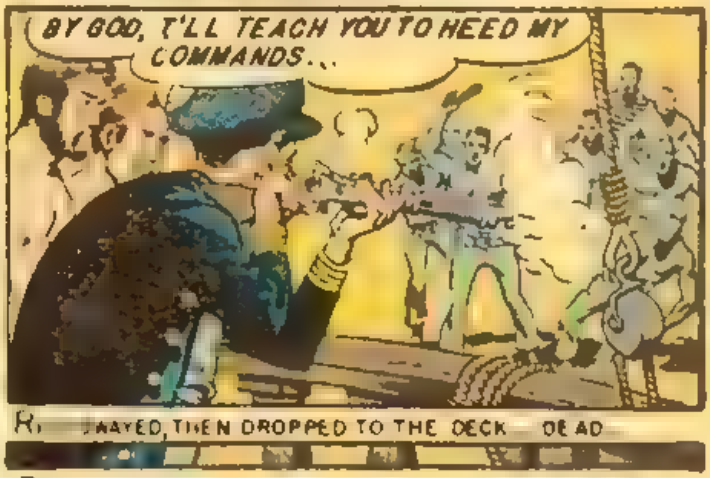


THEN, THE MAN-STORM BROKE. THE CREW SURGED FORWARD, SCRAMBLIN' ONTO THE QUARTERDECK. PISTOLS CRACKED, AND RIFLES ROARED, AND MEN SCREAMED AS FACES WERE SHOT AWAY, AND KNIVES FOUND THEIR SOFT BELLY-MARKS, AND BELAYIN' PINS CRUSHED SKULLS AND SPILLED BRAINS UPON THE HATCHES.

I SAW MACGRUDER PITCH OVER THE SIDE, A RIFLE BALL IN HIS BELLY. I SAW CALDWELL'S HEAD LAID OPEN WITH A CAPSTAN BAR. I SAW CAP'N BOLLARD SWINGIN' HIS RIFLE BUTT LIKE A MAN GONE WILD. AND THEN I SAW ANDERS IN FRONT OF ME AND I LASHED OUT SAVAGELY..

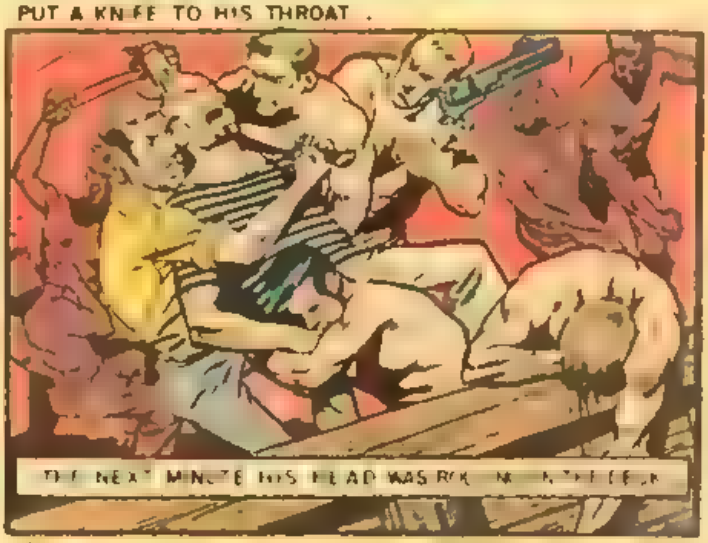


NOT A MAN MOVED. THEY JUST LOOKED AT THE CAP'N, THEIR EYES SMOULDERIN' WITH HATE. WHEN THE TIME WAS UP, BOLLARD POINTED THE RIFLE AND SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER. THE SHOT WAS MEANT FOR ANDERS, BUT IT MISSED HIM, PUTTING A HOLE CLEAN IN THE CENTER OF JUAN RICO'S FOREHEAD...



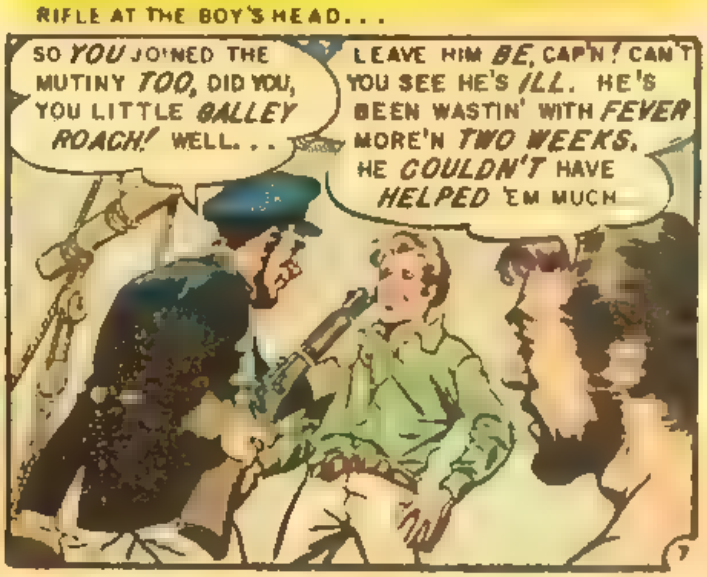
RICO SWAYED, THEN DROPPED TO THE DECK DEAD.

I SAW ANDERS AND THREE OTHER MEN GRAB BOS'N RATCLIFFE. ONE MINUTE HE WAS SCREAMING AS THEY PUT A KNIFE TO HIS THROAT.



THE NEXT MINUTE HIS HEAD WAS ROLLING IN THE GUTTER.

WHEN ANDERS WENT DOWN THE CREW SEEMED TO LOSE THEIR SPIRIT. THEY BACKED OFF, NURSING THEIR WOUNDS. I LOOKED AROUND THE BLOODY DECK. CAP'N BOLLARD HAD YOUNG SCOTTY BY HIS COLLAR... HIS RIFLE AT THE BOY'S HEAD...


SO YOU JOINED THE MUTINY TOO, DID YOU, YOU LITTLE GALLEY ROACH! WELL...
LEAVE HIM BE, CAP'N! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S ILL. HE'S BEEN WASTIN' WITH FEVER MORE'N TWO WEEKS. HE COULDN'T HAVE HELPED 'EM MUCH

CAPTAIN BOLLARD AND I WERE THE ONLY OFFICERS LEFT ALIVE... CAPTAIN BOLLARD SNEERED.

WELL, WE'LL LET HIM COOL OFF FOR A WHILE...IN THE CROW'S NEST! HE'LL STAND WATCH TONIGHT!
GET ALOFT YOU LITTLE MANGER-RAT.
CAP'N! HAVE PITY ON THE BOY! HE

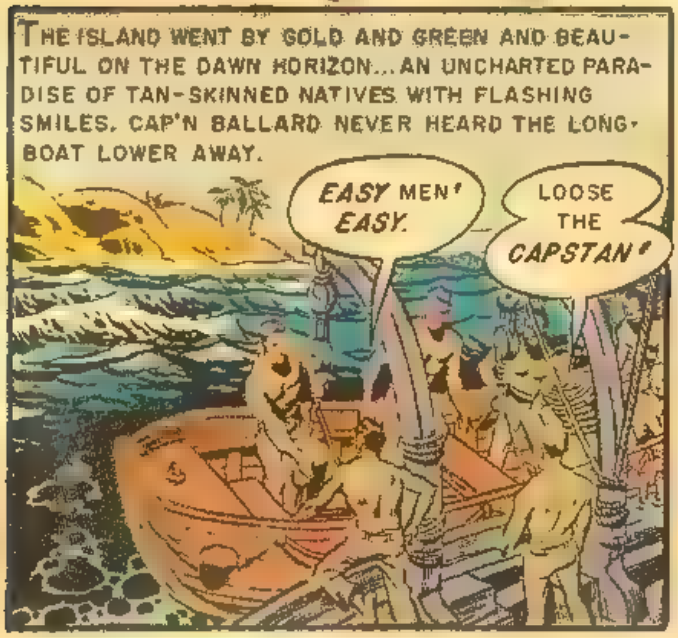
THE CAP'N POINTED HIS RIFLE AT ME, BACKING ME OFF, FORCING ME TO WATCH SCOTTY TAKE TO THE RIGGIN', SOMETHING HE'D NEVER DONE IN HIS LIFE...

THE BOY HAD ALMOST REACHED THE CROW'S NEST WHEN HE'D SLIPPED...AND HIS FEVER-WEAKENED GRIP'D LET GO. HE CAME DOWN WITHOUT A SOUND

I PICKED UP HIS PITIFULLY BROKEN BODY AND CARRIED IT BELOW. SCOTTY OPENED HIS EYES JUST ONCE BEFORE HE DIED...

THE CREW GATHERED AROUND ME...THE MUTINEERS... THE MEN I'D JUST FOUGHT AGAINST. THEY LOOKED DOWN AT DEAD SCOTTY AND THEN AT ME. AND I WHISPERED ..

THE ISLAND WENT BY GOLD AND GREEN AND BEAUTIFUL ON THE DAWN HORIZON...AN UNCHARTED PARADISE OF TAN-SKINNED NATIVES WITH FLASHING SMILES. CAP'N BALLARD NEVER HEARD THE LONGBOAT LOWER AWAY.



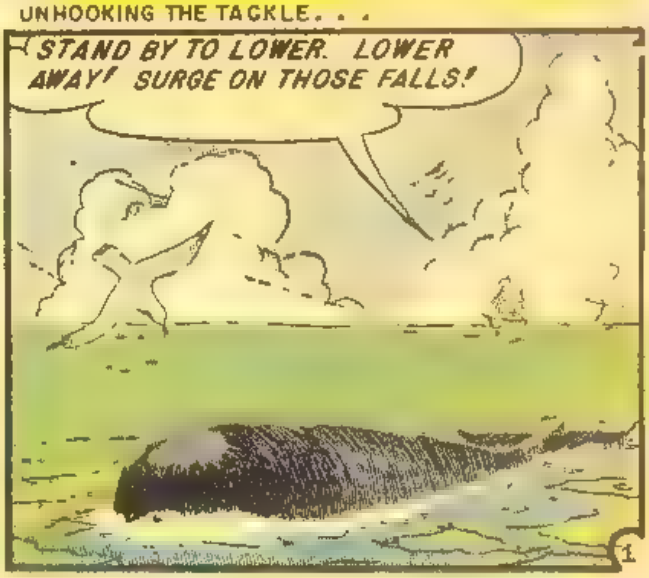
WE *LEFT* HIM! WE LEFT CAP'N BOLLARD WITH HIS SHIP IN *FULL SAIL* AND *MINUS AN ANCHOR*. IT WAS OUR *SINGING* THAT BROUGHT HIM UP ON DECK...OUR SINGING AS WE PULLED FOR THE ISLAND'S BLUE LAGOON. HE WAS *ALONE*...ALONE ON A *FULL-RIGGED CLIPPER SHIP*, SKIMMING *WESTWARD* WHERE *BLACK OMINOUS STORM CLOUDS THREATENED*...

HARPOONED

YOU WILL NEVER FORGET THAT GRIM OCTOBER MORN IN 1854 WHEN THE GROWING TENSION AND HATRED YOU'D WITNESSED FOR 167 DAYS FINALLY EXPLODED IN A SCREAMING CLIMAX. YOU'D SIGNED ON THE WHALING BARK *EBAN DODGE* AS A GREEN FOREMAST-HAND AT THE USUAL "LAY" IN APRIL OF THAT YEAR, AND EVER SINCE THAT PROUD SQUARE-RIGGED VESSEL'D GLIDED OUT OF NEW BEDFORD HARBOR, YOU'D SENSED THE FIRST MATE'S INTENSE JEALOUSY OF THE CAPTAIN. FEW WHALES HAD BEEN RAISED AND "TRIED-OUT" AND THE HOLD CASKS HAD BEEN BARELY HALF-FILLED WITH SPERM OIL. MARTIN ERICSON, THE FIRST MATE, HAD PLANTED THE SEEDS OF DISCONTENT AMONG THE FO'CASTLE HANDS BY BLAMING THE LONG UNPRODUCTIVE VOYAGE UPON THE INCOMPETENCY OF YOUR CAPTAIN, MATHEW STRONG, AND THE CREW WAS WELL AWARE THAT THE *EBAN DODGE* WOULD NOT TURN HOMEWARD UNTIL ITS STORAGE VATS WERE FILLED. THEN, ON THAT FATAL OCTOBER MORN, THE CRY CAME FROM MASTHEAD. . .

THE CAPTAIN RUSHED UP THE COMPANIONWAY FROM THE AFT CABIN, SHOUTING ALOFT. . .

THE WHALE'S "BLOW," OR SPOUT, WAS SOON VISIBLE TO THE WELL-TRAINED EYE OF THE CAPTAIN FROM HIS POSITION ON THE BARK'S QUARTER-DECK. MEANWHILE, THE BOAT-STEERERS AND MATES HAD LEAPED INTO THEIR WHALEBOATS, SUSPENDED FROM THE DAVITS ON THE BARK'S SIDES, AND WERE FRANTICALLY UNHOOKING THE TACKLE. . .



THE CRANES WERE SWUNG FROM UNDER THE KEELS OF THE LONG-BOATS, THE BLOCKS CREAKED, AND THE BOATS DROPPED SWIFTLY AND SMOOTHLY TO THE SURFACE BELOW. AT THE CAPTAIN'S NEXT COMMAND, YOU CLIMBED TO THE GUNWALE AND SLID DOWN THE LINES ALONG WITH THE OTHERS OF YOUR BOAT CREW...

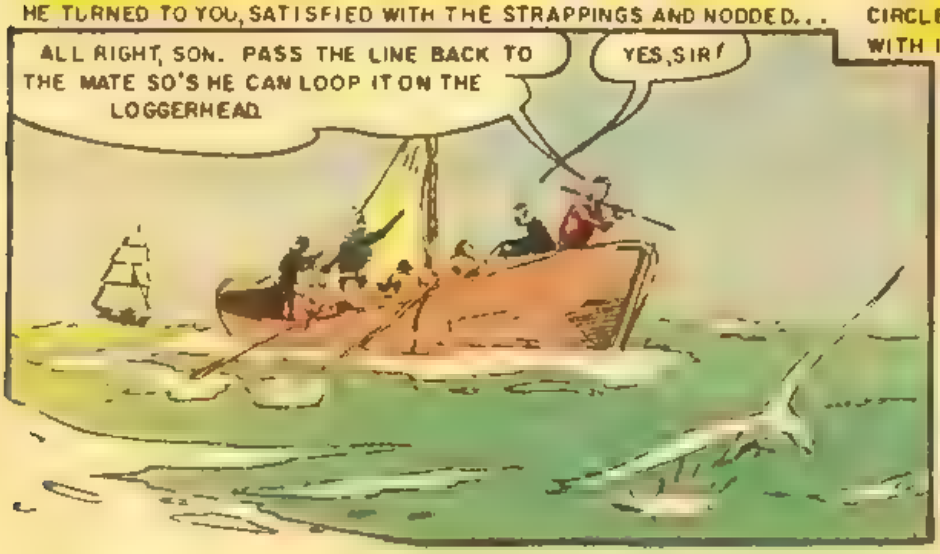
THE MATE, ERICSON, WAS IN COMMAND OF THE LARBOARD WHALEBOAT TO WHICH YOU'D BEEN ASSIGNED. HE SAT ON THE DECKED-OVER STERN, GROWLING ORDERS...

IT WAS THE CAPTAIN HE CLIMBED OVER THE GUNWALE, CALLING DOWN.

THE CAPTAIN SLID DOWN THE LINES AND SEATED HIMSELF ON THE AFTER THWART...

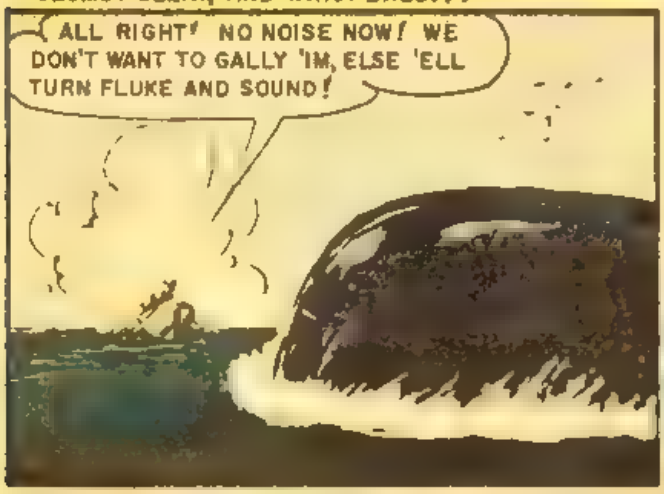
YOU SAW THE FIRST MATE'S FACE FLUSH *BEET RED* AT THIS RARE TURN OF EVENTS THE CAPTAIN *HIMSELF* JOINING THE WHALE HUNT. YOU *KNEW* ERICSON WAS INTERPRETING THE ACTION AS AN *OBVIOUS INSULT* TO HIS *ABILITY*. YOU SAW HIS KNUCKLES TURN ASH WHITE AS HE GRIPPED THE TILLER...

IN THE STEM, YOU WATCHED THE BOAT-HEADER, OR HARPOONER, CHECKING HIS NEEDLE SHARP "IRON" BETWEEN THE TWO AFTER THWARTS. AY THE TUBS WITH THE COILED MANILA WHALE LINE. HE TURNED TO YOU, SATISFIED WITH THE STRAPPINGS AND NODDED...



YOU REACHED INTO THE LARGER TUB CONTAINING THE 100 FATHOMS OF COILED ROPE AND PASSED THE END TO THE MATE WHO CIRCLED THE LOGGERHEAD ON THE STERN DECK WITH IT AND PASSED IT FORWARD

THE BOAT-HEADER RECEIVED THE LINE AND FASTENED IT SECURELY TO THE POLE UPON WHICH HIS HARPOON WAS STRAPPED. THEN HE COILED STRAY INTO THE HEAD OF THE BOAT, BRACED HIS THIGH IN THE "CLUMSY CLEAT," AND WHISPERED...



YOU REMEMBER HOW YOU GLIDED SILENTLY DOWN UPON THE MONSTROUS HULK, AND THE LOOK THAT CAME INTO THE MATE'S EYES AS HE STARED AT THE BACK OF THE CAPTAIN'S HEAD WITH HATE AND LOATHING...

AND YOU SHIVERED AS YOU THOUGHT OF THOSE NIGHTS IN THE FO'CASTLE WITH THE MATE SPEWING FORTH HIS VENOMOUS CRITICISM OF THE OLD MAN.

SURE! *A ONE HUNDRED FIFTIETH.* YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'LL *END UP WITH* WHEN THE ACCOUNTS ARE FIGURED? *A BIG IRON DOLLAR!* THINK WHAT YOU OWE 'IM *NOW* FER YER *GEAR* AND *BEDDIN'!*

YOU THOUGHT OF THE MATE'S VOW..

THIS'D BE *MY* SHIP IF ANYTHIN' *HAPPENED* TO 'IM! *MY SHIP!* I'D BE SKIPPER! AND, BY GOD, I'LL *SEE TO IT THAT I'M IN COMMAND* BY THE TIME WE SEE *NEW BEDFORD* AGAIN!

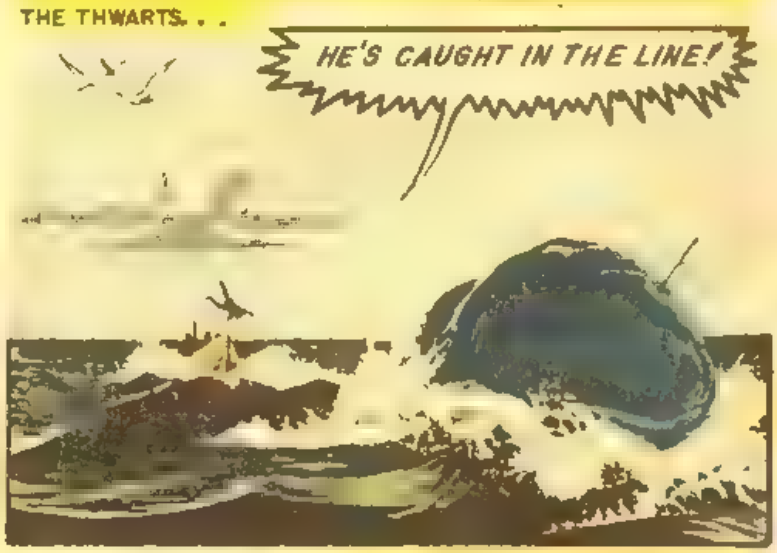
AND YOU KNEW THAT THE MATE'S HATRED OF THE OLD MAN WAS JEALOUSY... PURE AND SIMPLE. IT WASN'T *YOU* HE WAS THINKING OF, OR THE *REST* OF THE CREW. IT WAS HIS BURNING AMBITION TO BE IN *COMMAND!* SO YOU WATCHED WITH FEARFUL ANTICIPATION AS YOUR WHALEBOAT NEARED THE SPOUTING LEVIATHAN..

IT ALL HAPPENED SO SUDDENLY. AS THE WHALE-BOAT HEAD CAME WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE GLEAMING BLACK HULK, THE HARPOONER RAISED HIS IRON...

...AND DROVE IT INTO THE SOFT BLUBBER JUST FORWARD THE WHALE'S HUMP...

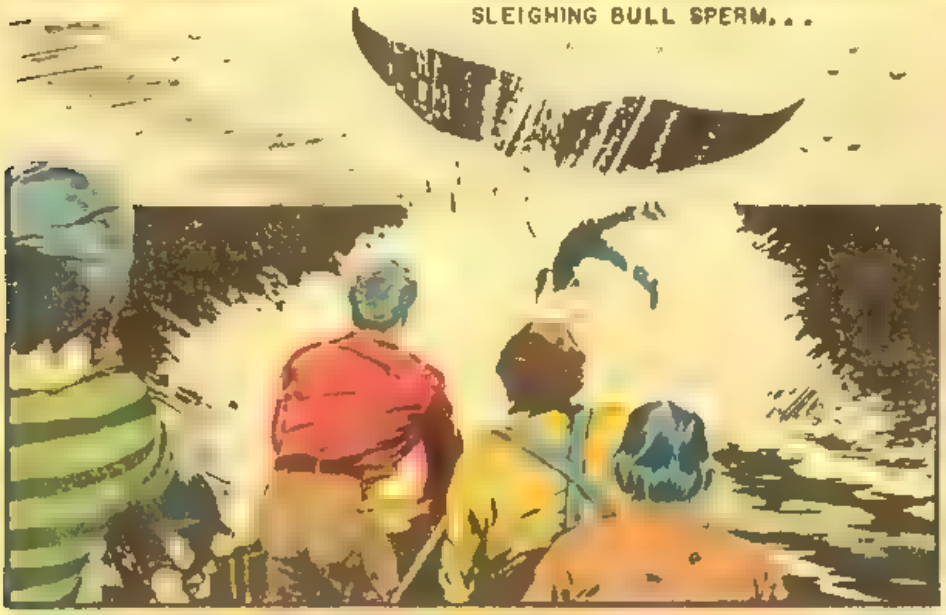
THE WHALE SNORTED, SPOUTING, AND TOOK OFF! AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT, YOU SAW ERICSON LET GO OF THE TILLER AND YANK BACK ON THE RAPIDLY UNCOILING STRAY, *LOOPING IT AROUND THE CAPTAIN'S NECK*

YOU WERE HELPLESS TO STOP IT! THE STRAY PAID OUT... THE WHALE WAS OFF ON ITS "NANTUCKET SLEIGH RIDE"... AND THE CAPTAIN WAS BEING DRAGGED, SCREAMING, ACROSS THE THWARTS...



...OVER THE STEM...

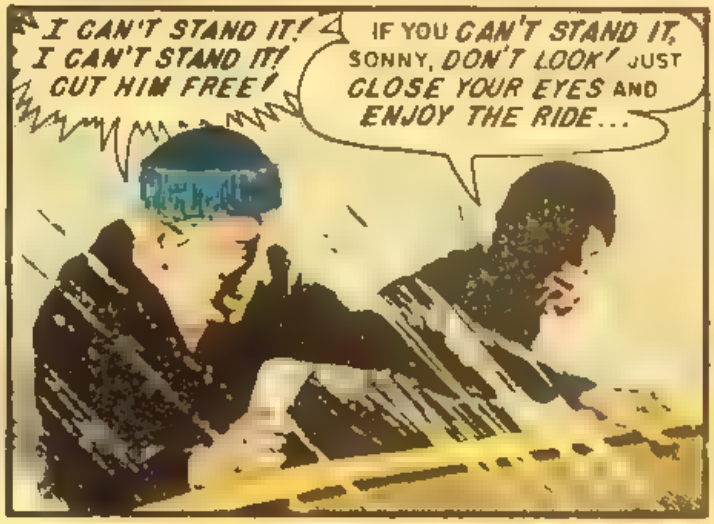
...AND INTO THE SEA, OUT AFTER THE SLEIGHING BULL SPERM...



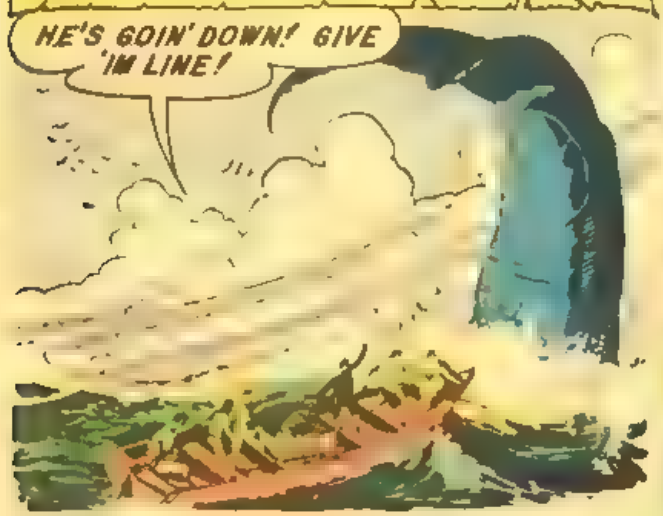
AND YOU REMEMBER HOW THE MATE GRINNED AS HE TIGHTENED UP ON THE LOGGERHEAD LOOP...

THE WHALEBOAT LURCHED AHEAD, TOWED BY THE ROLLING MAMMAL. YOU REMEMBER THE WILD RIDE... THE WHALE SKIMMING ACROSS THE SWELLS, MORTALLY WOUNDED.. THE ROPE SMOKING AS IT SLIPPED ON THE LOGGERHEAD. THE DUMBFOUNDED BOAT-HEADER SCREAMING...

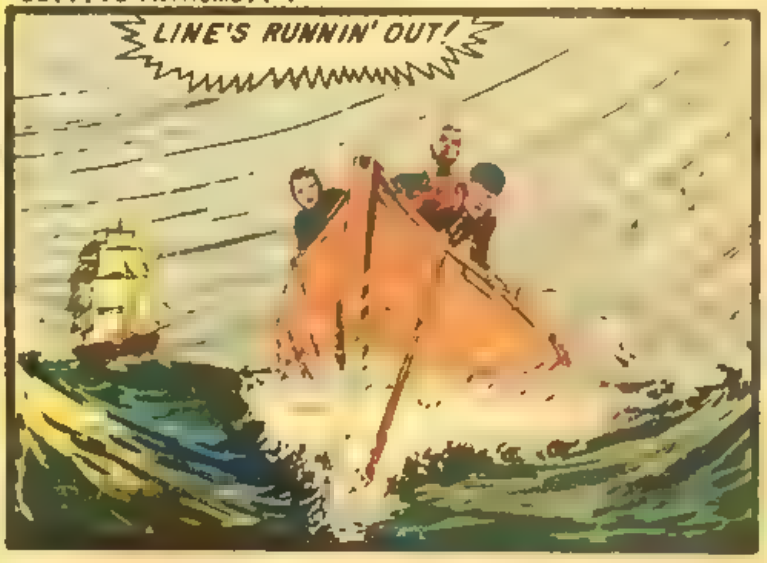
YOU REMEMBER ERICSON'S LAUGH.. HIS TRIUMPHANT LAUGH... THE WHALE ROLLING... THE CAPTAIN'S FLAILING FIGURE BREAKING WATER ONCE OR TWICE.. AND YOU SCREAMING. .



YOU REMEMBER WONDERING IF ANY OF THE OTHERS OF THE BOATCREW HAD SEEN WHAT YOU'D SEEN. YOU REMEMBER THE WHALE FINALLY "TURNING FLUKE" AND "SOUNDING"...

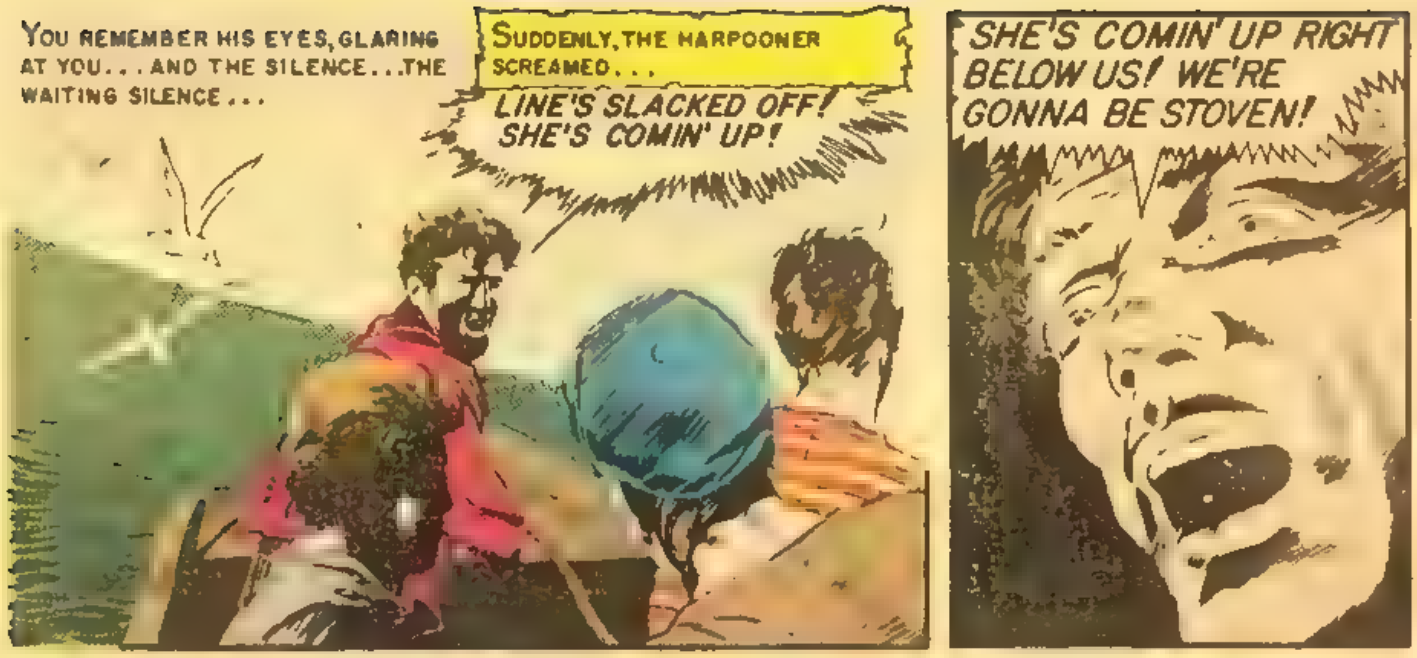


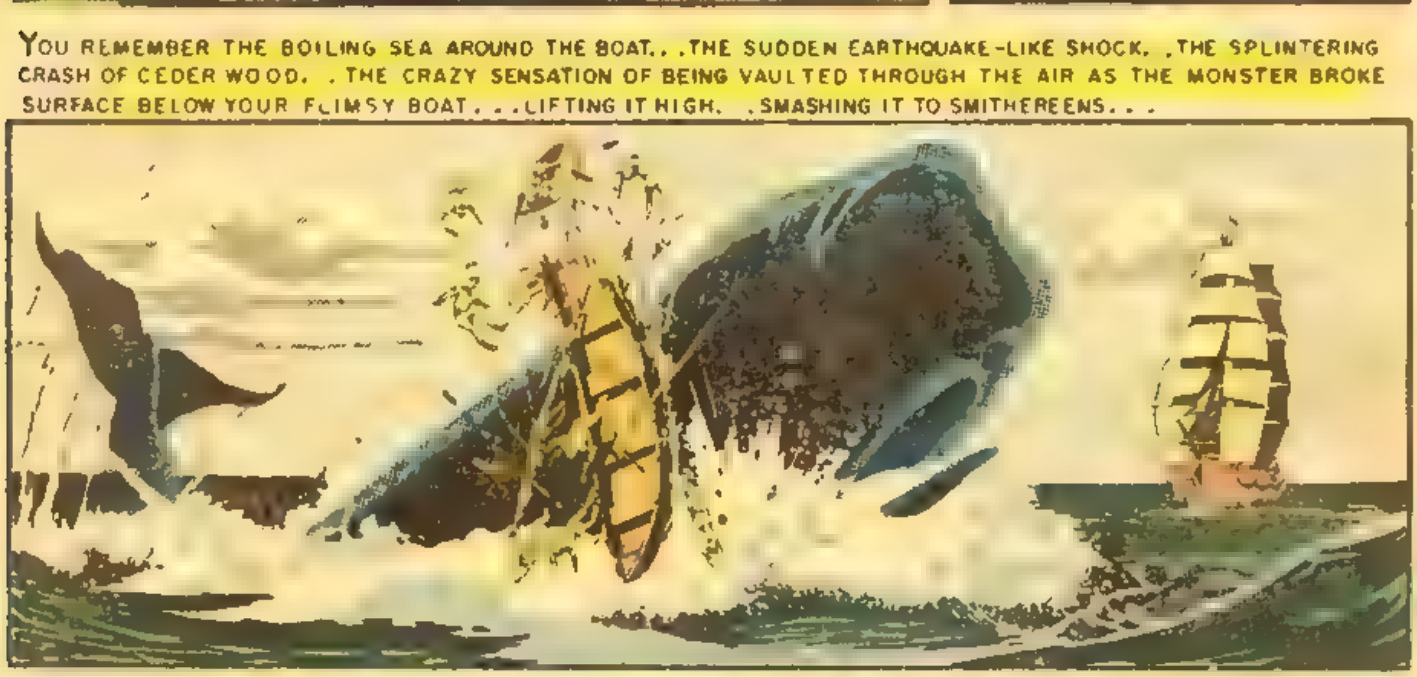
YOU REMEMBER THE MATE LOOSENING THE LOGGERHEAD COIL AND THE LINE LEAPING OUT OF THE BUCKET... 30 ..60.. 80...90 FATHOMS...



SUDDENLY, THE LINE STOPPED PLAYING OUT. SUDDENLY THERE WAS DEAD SILENCE AS THE WHALE STOPPED SOUNDING AND THE BOAT DRIFTED AIMLESSLY...

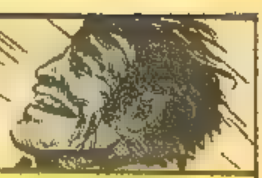
YOU WAITED, SEARCHING THE SURFACE OF THE TOSSING SEA AROUND YOU FOR A SIGN OF THE WHALE. AND IN THE SILENCE, YOU REMEMBERING ERICSON GRABBING YOUR SHOULDER IN A VICE-LIKE GRIP AND WHISPERING...


YOU REMEMBER HIS EYES, GLARING AT YOU... AND THE SILENCE...THE WAITING SILENCE...
SUDDENLY, THE HARPOONER SCREAMED...
LINE'S SLACKED OFF! SHE'S COMIN' UP!
SHE'S COMIN' UP RIGHT BELOW US! WE'RE GONNA BE STOVEN!


YOU REMEMBER THE BOILING SEA AROUND THE BOAT...THE SUDDEN EARTHQUAKE-LIKE SHOCK. .THE SPLINTERING CRASH OF CEDER WOOD. . THE CRAZY SENSATION OF BEING VAULTED THROUGH THE AIR AS THE MONSTER BROKE SURFACE BELOW YOUR FLIMSY BOAT...LIFTING IT HIGH. .SMASHING IT TO SMITHEREENS...

YOU REMEMBER GOING UP..UP... AND FINALLY COMING DOWN...HITTING THE WATER... CLAWING DESPERATELY FOR SOME PIECE OF WRECKAGE... AND HEARING THE SHRIEKING.
...THE SHRIEKING OF THE FIRST MATE, ERICSON, WHERE HE'D COME DOWN.. IMPALED ON THE HARPOON POLE STICKING OUT OF THE WHALE'S BACK AS IT SKIMMED AWAY... FREE AT LAST...
GOOD LORD! CHOKE!

THE CHALLENGE



Captain Peter Van Cleef had not found his master on land or sea. And some savage instinct in his soul gloried in the chance to match wits, skill, and muscle against nature's fury He stood on the bridge of his tanker as it battled through the frothy crests of the Indian Ocean on its way to Calcutta, looking down on the grimy crew toiling on the decks below. His jutting grim features tightened into a sadistic scowl.

"Get that ballast safely secured, you deck scuts!" he shouted. The crew didn't look up, bending lower and straining sinews further to pull the brined ropes around the huge wooden crates piled against the bulwarks. There was no time to hate the Captain, only time to hasten the back-killing pace he had set for them. For the waves were mounting higher, rolling deeper. The sky was darkening The wind was increasing from a doleful moaning to a high-pitched whine. A dreaded typhoon was on its way. Barometer pressure was rapidly falling, and the furious storm would be upon them in moments.

But Van Cleef was glad, though the iron-decked ship listed dangerously and her prow plunged precariously into the sea bringing water to the height of the anchor stocks. Here at last was the chance to experience the power of command, the triumph of knowing he was supreme against all odds—the elevation of man to superman again. And in overconfident conceit, he looked up at the black heavens with contempt, bracing himself for the fight.

The ship yawned to port as the wind and waves lashed against her sides. The steersman strained at the wheel trying desperately to hold her steady on course. The deck began to vibrate with the one-sided strain on the engines. Van Cleef grabbed at the helmsman and steadied himself to stare at the compass He jumped to the telegraph and signaled FULL SPEED with the handle. The cone-shaped funnel in the sky, blacker than all the clouds around it, approached the ship. The crew's faces went white with fear! Here was the very heart of the typhoon—the monstrous vacuum that sucked men, cargo, and ship into its maw and devoured it whole, leaving only pieces of strewn wreckage and oil behind.

Waves coming from the port side broke over the ship as though it were a floating log. It wallowed feebly under the tons of water, coming halfway back to level and then sagged to starboard again. The steersman went berserk with fear.

"Captain—we're broaching to! We'll DIE!" Van Cleef hit the terror-stricken man and pushed his inert body away with his feet

"Back the starboard engine," he called to his First Mate behind him, taking over the wheel. The Mate's hoarse voice gave swift instructions to the engine-room below, and Van Cleef waited, well aware that the ship's fuel would be used up in that maneuver. But he also knew that he would win out against the storm. Once it was over, they could easily broadcast an S.O.S. and stand to while a fuel ship reached them from a nearby harbor.

The bridge-door broke open under the impact smashing the men inside against the walls. Spray pelted the decks like small wet stones, while shrieking crewmen, their frozen grips torn away from the quivering guide ropes, were blown away into the darkness. But over the storm's guttural roar came defiant laughter.

"Go on," Van Cleef screamed at the storm "Try to kill me! You'll FAIL! I'm still your master!" The crew stared at him, numb with terror This was a madman challenging the gods of the Sea! Which one would win?

But already, the storm was over The clouds parted, letting in the sun The wind died—and silence descended, leaving Van Cleef alone on the bridge to rule over his domain. The fuel was gone, the engine dead, he mused—but he had won again as he always would.

Then suddenly—a tremor shook the ship and made it spin around slowly at first in a wide circle, then faster, in ever-decreasing circles. The crewmen began screaming never to stop while Van Cleef stood transfixed with horror. For there before his eyes, was a gigantic whirlpool created by the storm that would do what its counterpart in the sky could not—suck the ship into its maw and leave behind one victor—the SEA—alone and forever.

A POINT OF ORDER! IF YOU'RE EXPECTING E.C.'S **NEWEST** HORROR MAG TO BE **BETTER** THAN **TALES FROM THE CRYPT, THE VAULT OF HORROR,** AND **THE HAUNT OF FEAR,** YOU'LL BE **SADLY DISAPPOINTED! IT'S ONLY JUST AS GOOD!**

INVESTIGATE YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND FOR THE FIRST "***JUST-AS-GOOD***" ***ISSUE!*** HOWEVER IF YOU'RE ***TIED UP*** WITH ***RED TAPE*** (ADHESIVE, THAT IS!) AND YOU'D RATHER ***SUBSCRIBE,*** FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IN, TOGETHER WITH AN ***UNDOCTORED PHOTO*** OF GEORGE WASHINGTON ON A $1.00 BILL. YOU'LL RECEIVE 8 ***UNCROPPED*** ISSUES IN THE MAIL.

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NAME _____

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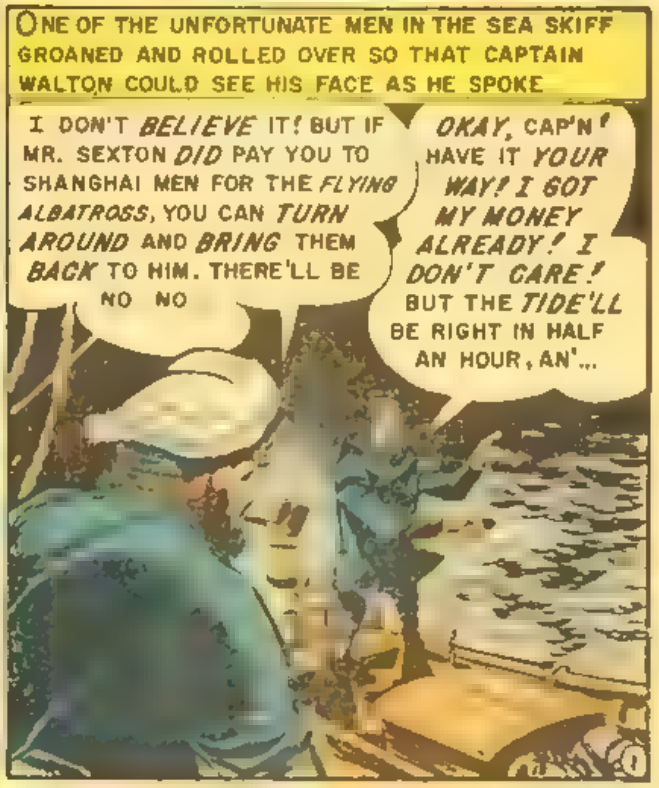
SHANGHAIED

CAPTAIN HENRY WALTON HAD BROUGHT HIS SQUARE-RIGGED SHIP INTO SAN-FRANCISCO HARBOR IN ORDER TO FILL HER WATER CASKS AND REPLENISH HER FOOD STORES IN PREPARATION FOR THE LONG HOMEWARD-BOUND TRIP AROUND CAPE HORN. THE CREW HAD BEEN ALLOWED TO GO ASHORE WITH STRICT ORDERS TO RETURN THE FOLLOWING DAY BEFORE THE TIDE. BUT THE TOP OF THE TIDE HAD PASSED AND THE *FLYING ALBATROSS* HAD STILL SWUNG AT HER MOORINGS IN THE BAY. SOME OF THE CREW HAD NOT RETURNED AND CAPTAIN WALTON HAD REFUSED TO ATTEMPT THE TRIP SHORTHANDED. INSTEAD, HE'D SENT AN URGENT PLEA TO HIS SHIPPING COMPANY'S WEST COAST REPRESENTATIVE ASHORE TO SUPPLY HIM THE HANDS HE LACKED. NOW, AS THE NIGHT TIDE FLOWED IN THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE, THE CAPTAIN PEERED OVER THE GUNWHALE AT THE SKIFF THAT HAD PULLED ALONGSIDE..

CAPTAIN WALTON GLARED DOWN AT THE BLEARY-EYED UNSHAVEN "CRIMP" STANDING AT THE TILLER OF HIS SKIFF. THEN HE STUDIED THE THREE UNCONSCIOUS FIGURES SPRAWLED ACROSS THE THWARTS...

I'LL TAKE NO SHANGHAIED MEN AS CREW ON MY SHIP, MR. PIGOTT. MY SHIPPING COMPANY'S REPRESENTATIVE ASHORE IS GOING TO SUPPLY SOBER VOLUNTEERS FOR..
MR. SEXTON... YOUR MAN ASHORE... HAS ALREADY PAID FOR THESE BILGE RATS, CAP'N WALTON!

ONE OF THE UNFORTUNATE MEN IN THE SEA SKIFF GROANED AND ROLLED OVER SO THAT CAPTAIN WALTON COULD SEE HIS FACE AS HE SPOKE


I DON'T BELIEVE IT! BUT IF MR. SEXTON DID PAY YOU TO SHANGHAI MEN FOR THE FLYING ALBATROSS, YOU CAN TURN AROUND AND BRING THEM BACK TO HIM. THERE'LL BE NO NO
OKAY, CAP'N! HAVE IT YOUR WAY! I GOT MY MONEY ALREADY! I DON'T CARE! BUT THE TIDE'LL BE RIGHT IN HALF AN HOUR, AN'...

CAPTAIN WALTON POINTED TO THE SHANGHAIED MAN WHO HAD ROLLED OVER...
WAIT! HOLD ON! PUT A LIGHT ON THAT MAN THERE!
SURE THING, CAP'N!
THE CRIMP TOOK THE LANTERN FROM BEHIND THE AFTERTHWART AND HELD IT CLOSE TO THE SWOLLEN FACE OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN...
HE'S AN ABLE-BODIED SPECIMEN, CAP'N! HE'LL MAKE A FINE FO'CASTLE HAND...
BRING HIM ABOARD! QUICK!
THE CAPTAIN UNROLLED A ROPE LADDER DOWN THE SIDE OF HIS VESSEL, AND THE CRIMP SLUNG THE LIMP FIGURE OVER HIS SHOULDERS..
WHAT ABOUT THESE OTHERS, CAP'N?
JUST HIM! JUST HIM!
THE CRIMP STRUGGLED UP THE ROPE LADDER WITH HIS HUMAN CARGO AND SLID HIM OVER THE GUNWHALE.
THERE HE IS...ALL YOURS! YOU SURE ABOUT THE OTHERS?
TAKE HIM BELOW, TO MY CABIN!
THE SKIPPER FOLLOWED THE DEALER IN FLESH AS HE EASED HIS BURDEN DOWN THE COMPANIONWAY AND INTO THE CABIN...
WHEN HE WAKES UP, HE'LL BE ROARIN', CAP'N. WHY PUT HIM IN YOUR QUARTERS? WHY NOT IN THE HOLD SO'S YOU CAN "TURN HIM TO" ONCE YOU'RE ASEA?
I'LL TELL YOU WHY, MR. PIGOTT! JUST LAY HIM ON THAT BUNK THERE AN' SIT DOWN! HAVE A DRINK!
PIGOTT DUMPED THE UNFORTUNATE MAN ONTO THE BUNK AND TOOK OFF HIS HAT, RELEASING A MOP OF DIRTY UNRULY HAIR
DRINK? WHY, THANK YOU! DON' MIND IF I DO, CAP'N!
YOU SEE, PIGOTT, I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THAT MAN FOR TWELVE YEARS! I WAS ASHORE LAST NIGHT LOOKIN' FOR HIM..
I'VE LOOKED FOR HIM EVERY TIME I'VE COME TO 'FRISCO! I'VE LOOKED FOR HIM IN EVERY PORT I'VE HIT. I'VE DREAMED OF THE DAY I'D FIND HIM
AN' NOW, YOU HAVE! WHAT'D HE DO TO YOU, CAP'N, SO'S YOU'D WANT TO HUNT 'IM DOWN?
TWELVE YEARS AGO THIS MAN SHANGHAIED ME, PIGOTT!
2

SHANGHAIED YOU!?
THAT'S RIGHT, PIGOTT. TWELVE YEARS AGO, THIS MAN WAS A "RUNNER" FOR A "CRIMP" LIKE YOU! YOU SEE.
'... I'D HURRIED DOWN TO THE WATERFRONT AREA ON MY VERY FIRST NIGHT IN FRISCO A GAWKING YOUNG TOURIST. I'D HEARD ABOUT THE BARS AND THE GAMBLING HOUSES AND THE WOMEN, AND I WANTED TO SEE FOR MYSELF '
'I WAS A BUDDING AUTHOR BACK THEN AND I WANTED TO WRITE ABOUT EVERYTHING. AND TO WRITE ABOUT ANYTHING, YOU'VE GOT TO SEE IT. SO I'D COME TO SEE...'
EVENIN', STRANGER! WHAT'S A GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU DOIN' DOWN HERE?
JUST LOOKING AROUND! TAKING IN THE SIGHTS!
'HE'D APPROACHED ME OUTSIDE OF MOTHER BRONSON'S FAMOUS OR SHOULD I SAY "INFAMOUS" SALOON '
WANT TO SEE SOME SIGHTS, EH? WELL, HOW'D YOU LIKE ME TO TAKE YOU ON A TOUR? I KNOW PLACES...
I'D LIKE THAT! I'LL PAY YOU FOR YOUR TROUBLES!
'... AND HE'D LED ME INTO THE LIQUOR-FOULED SMOKEY INTERIOR...'
NOW THIS IS MOTHER BRONSON'S ... WHERE A MAN CAN GET ANYTHIN' HE LIKES! EATS... DRINKS... WOMEN...
HMMM'
'HE'D NUDGED ME ALONG THE BAR '
THAT'S MOTHER BRONSON THERE! THERE ISN'T A SEAMAN WEST OF SINGAPORE HASN'T HEARD OF HER...
OH?
'...UNTIL HE'D GOTTEN ME WHERE HE'D WANTED ME...'
MOTHER BRONSON! GIVE MY FRIEND HERE A DRINK!
SURE THING, MIKE!
'. AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW, THE FLOOR HAD GIVEN WAY UNDER-FOOT AND I'D PLUNGED INTO DARK-NESS '

'HE'D MANAGED TO MANEUVER ME ONTO A TRAPDOOR IN FRONT OF THE BAR, AND AT HIS SIGNAL MOTHER BRONSON'D RELEASED IT. I'D DROPPED INTO A DANK DARK CELLAR

'BEFORE I COULD GET TO MY FEET HE'D COME DOWN SOME REAR STAIRS AND STOOD OVER ME BRANDISHING A WICKED-LOOKING CLUB...'

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? I DEMAND

YOU DEMAND NOTHIN'! I NEED ONE MORE HAND TO FILL MY ORDER! AND YOU ARE IT! SIGN THESE ARTICLES...

ARTICLES?! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

YOU'RE GOING TO SEA, LITTLE MAN! NOW SIGN...

I WON'T SIGN ANYTHING! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME...

OH, CAN'T I?

'HE RAISED HIS CLUB AND STRUCK ME SAVAGELY ACROSS THE CHEEK. I SCREAMED IN PAIN.'

OWWW!

'HE HELD OUT THE GRIMY PAPER..'

GONNA SIGN?

N-NO

'THIS TIME HE LASHED HIS CLUB OVER MY SKULL SO BRUTALLY THAT I BLACKED OUT..

NNNNNGGG

'WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS IN A SKIFF MOVING UPBAY TO A WAITING BARK. SPRAWLED AROUND ME WERE SEVERAL DIRTY DRUNKEN, UNCONSCIOUS MEN. I STARTED TO RISE, BUT HE WAS THERE GRINNING AT ME...'

TAKE ME ASHORE! YOU'VE NO RIGHT..

SHUT UP..

THIS TIME HE KICKED ME WITH ALL HIS MIGHT.. AND AGAIN I PASSED OUT...

I WAS BROUGHT AROUND BY THE SPLASH OF SEA WATER ON MY FACE. I OPENED MY EYES. THE MATE OF THE BARK *MARTIN HAGER* WAS "TURNING US TO"...

ALL RIGHT, YOU SCURVY SWINE! ON DECK! THERE'S WORK TO DO! MOVE!

WHERE *AM* I?! WHAT'S THE *MEANING* OF THIS?!

YOU'RE *SIXTEEN MILES OUT IN THE PACIFIC, SCUM*... BOUND FOR *MANILA, TOKYO,* AND THE *CAPE OF GOOD HOPE*. NOW, *GET TOPSIDE!* THE *RIGGIN'* NEEDS *TIGHTENIN'!*

I'M NOT A *SEAMAN!* THIS IS *INSANE*

'HE GRABBED ME BY THE LEGS AND DRAGGED ME FROM MY BUNK. HE STOOD OVER ME, BRANDISHING A WHIP...'

YOU'RE A *SEAMAN NOW,* MISTER! OR WOULD YOU LIKE TO *ARGUE* WITH THIS *WHIP?*

I *DEMAND TO SEE THE CAPTAIN!* I

THE STING OF THE WHISTLING LEATHER THONG ACROSS MY MOUTH CUT MY WORDS SHORT...

YOU DEMAND NOTHING!

AND I STUMBLED ON DECK, MY LIP BLEEDING, MY FACE CARRYING AN UGLY RED GASH...

NOW YOU GET THE IDEA!

'THE VOYAGE ON THE *MARTIN HAGER* TOOK THREE YEARS. AT FIRST I WAS AWKWARD AND GANGLY... BUT I SOON LEARNED TO SCURRY UP THE RIGGINGS AND FURL THE SAILS WITH THE BEST OF THEM...'

'BUT I ALWAYS CARRIED THAT *ONE DREAM!* AT NIGHT, ON WATCH AT MASTHEAD, I WOULD GAZE OUT AT THE INKY BLUE EXPANSE OR DOWN AT THE SCRUBBED DECK, AND I WOULD *LONG FOR THE DAY* WHEN I WOULD *ONCE AGAIN MEET UP WITH A RUNNER NAMED 'MIKE'*... THE MAN WHO HAD *SHANGHAIED* ME...'

'THREE YEARS AT SEA BUILDS A MAN. IT HARDENS FLABBY UNDEVELOPED MUSCLES... HARDENS THEM INTO SPRING-STEEL BANDS THAT RIPPLE AND FLEX LIKE A CROUCHED TIGER READY TO LEAP UPON ITS PREY. AND MY PREY WAS A RUNNER BACK IN FRISCO... A SHANGHAI-ING LOUT NAMED MIKE... WHEN MY VOYAGE TERMINATED IN BOSTON, I SIGNED ON ANOTHER SHIP BOUND FOR FRISCO

YOU GOT THE *BOS'N'S JOB*, WALTON!

'THANK YOU, SIR'

'IN FRISCO, EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER, I SEARCHED HIGH AND LOW FOR MY QUARRY UNTIL MY MONEY RAN OUT. I'D HEARD A RUMOR HE'D SHIPPED OFF TO AFRICA SO I SIGNED ON A SHIP BOUND FOR THE GOLD COAST.'

STEVENS HAS COME DOWN WITH *PLEURISY*, WALTON! *YOU'RE FIRST MATE* OF THE *FLYING ALBATROSS* NOW.

'THANK YOU, SIR'

'I TRACKED MY PREY THREE TIMES ROUND THE WORLD, STICKING WITH THE *FLYING ALBATROSS* TWO MONTHS OUT OF SALEM, ITS HOME PORT. MY CAPTAIN FELL ILL

SHE'S IN *YOUR HANDS*, WALTON! BE GOOD TO HER.

'YES, SIR'

'THE CAPTAIN DIED TWO WEEKS LATER, AND SO I BROUGHT THE *FLYING ALBATROSS* HOME UNDER MY COMMAND

MR WILKENS, CHANGE COURSE TWO DEGREES EAST! STEADY AS SHE GOES!

'AYE AYE, SIR!'

'IN SALEM, THE SHIPPING COMPANY OWNER INTERVIEWED ME

YOU STRIKE ME AS BEING *COMPETENT* AND *INTELLIGENT*, WALTON. WITH *TEN YEARS* OF *SEA EXPERIENCE*, I SEE *NO REASON* WHY YOU CANNOT *CONTINUE* BEING *CAPTAIN* OF THE *FLYING ALBATROSS!*

'THANK YOU, SIR'

'IN TEN YEARS I'D RISEN FROM SHANGHAIED SEAMAN TO BOSUN TO SECOND MATE TO FIRST MATE TO CAPTAIN. AND ALL THE WHILE I'D SEARCHED FOR A MAN NAMED 'MIKE' IN EVERY DIRTY BAR FROM HERE TO CASABLANCA.'

SORRY, CAP'N! CAN'T SAY THAT I *KNOW* A '*MIKE*' THAT *FITS YOUR DESCRIPTION!*

'THANKS ANYWAY'

CAPTAIN WALTON TURNED FROM THE DIRTY CRIMP BEFORE HIM AND STARED AT THE FIGURE HUDDLED ON THE BUNK...
AND NOW, I'VE FINALLY FOUND HIM!
Y'KNOW, CAP'N! I SOMETIMES WONDER WHAT SOME OF THE BOYS WHO I'D SHANGHAIED WOULD DO TO ME IF THEY HAD THE CHANCE LIKE YOU GOT NOW!
THE CAPTAIN'S FACE GREW GRIM...
WHEN I WAS FIRST THROWN ABOARD THE MARTIN HAGER I SWORE I'D KILL HIM WHEN I FOUND HIM. I SWORE I'D KILL HIM AS BRUTALLY AS I COULD... IN REVENGE...
MOOAANNN!
PIGOTT'S EYES WIDENED. HE SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET...
HE'S COMIN' TO! I BETTER GET GOIN'!
NO! WAIT!
THE FIGURE ON THE BUNK STIRRED PAINFULLY...
LOOK, CAP'N! I DON'T WANT TO STAY AROUND TO SEE...
YOU'LL STAY, MR. PIGOTT!
HE SAT UP BLINKING... HIS UNSHAVEN FACE TWITCHING... HIS BLEARY EYES TRYING TO COMPREHEND...
WHERE AM I?
YOU'VE BEEN SHANGHAIED, MIKE! YOU'RE ON MY SHIP!
MIKE STARED AT THE CAPTAIN. PIGOTT LEERED GLEEFULLY...
YEAH! HIS SHIP... CAP'N WALTON'S... THE MAN YOU SHANGHAIED.. TWELVE YEARS AGO!
HUH! I... I DON'T REMEMBER.
I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS MIKE! A LONG TIME!
THE CAPTAIN STEPPED FORWARD, HIS FISTS CLENCHED. HE STOOD OVER THE ALCOHOLIC HULK OF A MAN. THEN, HE EXTENDED HIS HAND...
I WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR STARTING ME ON A SUCCESSFUL CAREER AT SEA, MIKE. I MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN SO HAPPY!
NOW, GET THIS DIRTY BILGE RAT OFF MY SHIP, PIGOTT!
Y-YES, SIR!
THE END...
7

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